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INTRODUCTORY.

The Author desires to sincerely thank one and all those kind friends whose generosity has made possible the publication of the present volume. With regard to the Book itself the Author is regretfully aware it contains an hundred faults, although he has not the quaint conceit of "poor Goldy" to imagine them beauties, but in extenuation would plead the kindly indulgence usually extended to youth and inexperience.

In justice, also, to his Muse, he would like to mention the fact, that the following poems were principally written after the official labours of the day, when occurred the only opportunity for indulging his irresistible *furor scribendi*.

However, the Author has ever striven after originality, both in thought and expression, and feels no little pride in imagining he has, to a certain extent, succeeded in his aim, for he can honestly say, he has copied no one, and has pilfered nothing.

"Go, little Book!...

"On with thy fortunes then, whate'er they be,

"If good, I'll smile, if bad, I'll sigh for thee."

"CLUTHA,"

22, Beckwith Road,

North Dulwich.

8th March, 1904.



A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Humphreys", followed by a horizontal line and a small dot.



The Venusiad

and other poems.

By

Douglas Carswell.

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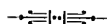
to

My Sister.

Christine, into what better hands than thine,
Could I, this little book—my soul in song—
Give for time's keeping? There are those who long
Fair Maidens, that to them I should consign,
Such as it is, the honour. But I pine
After no Juliet of the garish throng;
For there are none more fair, and none more strong,
In all that makes a human soul divine.
Take, then, this little book, and with it take,
A brother's love, and one who found in thee,
Always a friend. For thou did'st gently wake,
With music, oft my soul's inapathy;
As burst the waters of a mountain lake,
O'er rocky ridges tumbling to the sea.



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THE VENUSIAD.

A Masque.

“My song I fear that thou wilt find but few

“Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning.”

Epipsychidion.



The Venusiad.

Scene.

A summer lawn at the margin of a wood. Sunset seen through the foliage to the left; the wood to the right in shadow. Situated in the background a waterfall with a distant prospect of hills. Time sundown. Music presently heard and voices singing in harmony. Then from left and right of the scene emerge a bevy of maidens fancifully attired in sylvan costumes and bearing boughs and chaplets of flowers. The Masquers take up a crescent position across the stage, each crowned and ornamented on the forehead with a sparkling light. Their sandals (their feet being naked) similarly illuminated.

Chorus of Maidens.

“ Stay, gentle eve-declining day,
Fade not so soon from earth away,
Prolong thy flight a little while,
And kindly on our fortunes smile,
Bless with thy fond sun-kiss again,
The meadow lands, the woods and plain ;!
Or brightly linger on the high
Hill tops with golden majesty
Remote we come with sandal shoon,
From solitudes beyond the moon,
Beyond the fair Astartean plain,
Alas, we shall not see again,

Sad weary wanderers are we,
 Lone exiles in adversity,
 Afar from those fair fountains sweet,
 Whilome we laved our naked feet;
 Or sportive laughed to try and skim
 A sunbeam from the waters brim;
 Or bending till our flowing hair
 Kissed just the waves; knew we were fair!
 Sad pilgrims are we from that shore,
 Where Summer reigneth evermore!
 Where all is peace, that even bliss
 Grows tedious with idleness;
 Where breaks no morn, where sets no eve,
 Where naught exists the soul to grieve,
 But ever smiling day doth reign,
 O'er mountain top and valley plain.
 Where ever sings with tuneful throat
 The lark, whilst mingling with his note,
 The nightingale from lawn and lea,
 Pours forth his mellow minstrelsy,
 Or hid in shady orchard bower,
 Makes gladsome with his song the hour,
 As tho' in his small happy voice,
 An echo dwelled of Paradise!

Wild Winter storms and Autumn gales,
 Dare not invade our sunny vales,
 Nor tempests such as sweep the shore
 And frozen Cape of Labrador;
 But quietude and peace prevail,
 And perfumes laden ev'ry gale.

Farewell, farewell, O Happy Land,
 Afar we leave thy sunny strand,
 With hearts that ache and eyes that weep,
 Still in our souls thine image keep,
 Like crucifix on sacred shrine,
 The emblem of a dead divine!
 Alas, here speaks no friendly voice,
 Bidding our pensive hearts rejoice.

No welcome hand, no joy is here,
 No hope to help, no love to cheer,
 Oh, when shall we behold again
 Thine Isle?—and echo answers, when?
 From land and sea, from wave and hill,
 Our answers are but echos still!
 Dull Time that steels the heart with hope,
 And bids the wretch with fortune cope,
 Wears woe away and conquers love,
 And tames the fiery eye of Jove!

Born are we not of mortal mould,
 O Goddess with the locks of gold,
 And long again to hear thy voice,
 Within thy presence to rejoice,
 Gathering garlands for thy hair,
 Or make thee music, and prepare,
 With draperies of leaf and flower,
 Deep in some ambrosial bower,
 Thy couch, Fair Goddess, and for thee
 Combine our lutes in harmony.
 O when shall we again behold,
 The chalice of the rose unfold,
 In Hebe's garden by the sea,
 Remote in golden Arcady?
 Or hear the insects in the grass,
 Chip-chirrup as we lightly pass,
 In phrrhic dance upon the lawn,
 With Satyr, Bacchanal and Fawn?
 Or breathe again the orient breeze,
 That wafts the swallow o'er the seas,
 At Summer to his clay built nest,
 'Neath some old gable i' the west?
 When shall we wander as of yore,
 Dear Land, upon thy sunny shore?
 Where 'neath the bough,
 The may-buds blow,
 And ring-doves sing,
 Upon the wing,
 'Tis ever Spring! 'Tis ever Spring!"

CYNTHUS.

Fancifully attired in green and yellow bearing in her hand a wand beautifully garlanded; a golden crown with elf lights woven in her hair: now entering from background advances to central position.

Maidens still singing:

“Wearily, afar, afar,
Come we from that Northern star;
That at even’s gloaming tide,
Doth o’er Heaven’s bosom glide,
Wearily afar, afar,
Come we from that Northern star,
Pilgrims from that Northern star.”

CYNTHUS.

“A little while thy dulcet voices hush,
Sweet Nymphs, that converse I may hold with thee.
(Singing ceases.)

But new arrived am I a messenger,
Fresh from Elsyian pastures hither bourne
With eagle-flight, enthroned on the back
Of golden winged VOLTURNUS. Yester morn
Had scarce from its meridian splendour moved
Westward an hour, when with mercurial haste
I had commenced my journey. Whilst the sun
Traced slowly down the pathway of the heavens,
And sank each lessening star behind the veil
Of sable night, afar off I beheld
The twinkling orb of Earth, pale, indistinct,
Like one small dew-drop hid amid the grass.
It was the hour of vespers, when the air
Lulls to uneasy silence, and the dusk
Slow draws her veil of shadows o’er the Earth,
Environing in universal gloom
Each rustic scene. Already o’er the lawn
Had fall’n night’s heavy vapours, garlanding
The boughs with mimic splendour of the stars.
Hushed was the voice of Nature, ceased awhile

The busy hum of insect life : enwrapped
 Was all in slumber ; and a perfect peace
 Unbroken reigned. Dismay my fearing breast
 First seized, with cold alarms thrilled, until
 My wand'rings brought me to the welcome shade
 Of an enchanted bower, where amid
 Its solitudes concealed, a sportive Naiad
 Resolved me of thy dwelling. Thus am I come,
 To pass on thee decree of banishment—

No matter now the cause of thy offence
 To be a virgin's not all innocence—
 That's morally a truth ; until such time,
 Sooner or late as Fortune favour thee,
 The Masque of true love thou shalt vindicate ;
 That is : as soon as ye shall know what love,
 Eternal, faithful, passionate, sublime,
 Unsensual shall be ; tho' in thy search
 For such divine perfection, suns grow cold,
 Wane and extinguish, and each brighter sphere
 Lost in eloinate solitude wax pale,
 And like a torch by Time is smothered out."

Chorus of Maidens.

"O Misfortune, direful spring,
 Fount of human suffering !
 How mysterious art thou,
 Like the furrow to the plough,
 Like the ripple to the bark,
 Thou in life's highway and dark
 Avenues of toil and sorrow,
 Ever follow, ever follow."
 "Turn, O turn away thy wrath,
 E'en as sullen turneth north
 Cold Winter when the Spring is nigh
 Gay with sylvan minstrelsy ;
 Like the dying blush of day,
 Let thine anger fade away,
 O Misfortune, direful spring
 Fount of human suffering !

CYNTHUS.

"My heart grows big with pity for thy sake,
Sweet Nymphs, and with a voiceless sorrow melts;
But be not so disconsolate, have hope,
Weep not, for tears are idle and do make,
Like spectacles, the objects of our grief
Seem bigger, and misfortune's like a face
That grows familiar when its least beloved.
I have an inspiration that doth fill
My soul with hope, e'en like the gentle dew
That yields new life unto the parched earth,
There lives in yonder hollow of the hills,
A playful Oread whose mocking tongue,
May still retain, like pedant Zolios,
Some wisdom he hath caught of greater wits."

Sings.

"Gentle Echo, dwelleth thou
Underneath yon rocky brow?
Or where blooms the daffodil,
On the summit of the hill."

(*Echo*) "On the summit of the hill."

"Voice mysterious and sweet,
Tell me, tell me, I entreat,
Do not mock me, answer where
Dwelleth thou by earth or air?
Hid in sunny solitude,
'Mid the hollows of the wood?
Or aloft serenely sail,
All unseen upon the gale?"

(*Echo*) "All unseen upon the gale."

"How unkind art thou! But stay,
Once again will I assay;
Echo, Echo wilt thou grieve me,
Go away and lonely leave me?"

(*Echo*) "Go away and lonely leave me."

CYNTHUS.

'Tis useless longer to interrogate,
A spirit so conceited and so full
Of petulance. Hence to thy native shades,
Begone, unkindly Sylph, for other ears,
Reserve the music of thy mocking tongue!
And ye bemoaning Maidens, pray forbear,
A recapitulation of your sorrows,"

Maidens renewing their refrain.

"O Misfortune, direful spring
Fount of human suffering! &c. &c. &c."

CYNTHUS.

"There is no real comfort, help, nor hope,
In brooding o'er misfortune. It doth come
Alike to all, the rich man and the poor;
The young, the old, the tearful, and the gay,
The strong, the weak, the soldier, and the sage,
The king upon his throne, the homeless tramp
Who hangs his wallet on a bough to eat—
The wise, the good, the sinner, and the saint,
All, all with humble genuflections bow
Before its sable thymele. But grief,
Gives leven to the soul, and seasons it
With the rare richness of an Indian spice,
Making the common kneading of our souls,
Into a rich confection that doth yield
A savour unto Heaven, and outlasts
The ravishment of Time. Grief unto some
Comes as a kindly welcome, and a friend
To solace them in trouble; others still,
Regard it with contumely, brag and strut,
Boasting a cold indifference, yet own
In solitude their fealty. 'Tis well,
That we should suffer, though what good is there
In dwelling on the past?—in digging out
Embalmed joys, past pleasures, vanities
Long buried? or to vitalise with tears

The mummied woes of yesterday? To yield
 Unto their cold embrace and madly dream,
 Out of their nerveless, lifeless lips to suck
 Sweet comfort? 'Tis a madness in the blood,
 A gentle atavism of the soul,
 That hath a fetal origin. But grief
 Hath attributes as well as levity,
 And qualities of goodness—as all sun
 Would make an endless day of endless toil—
 Then pray, unhappy Maids, suspend awhile,
 Your noisy lamentations and dry up
 The springs of your emotions. *ARIEL*,
 That blythe and elfish spirit of the wind,
 May be to us as *ARISTOLBUS*,
 And bring good tidings of a better time.”

(*Summons ARIEL.*

Enter *ARIEL* attired in dark green and red taffety.
 Descends from above singing.

ARIEL.

“On midsummer’s night,
 By the pale moonlight,
 In a fairie ring,
 We sing, we sing,
 Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la,
 ’Tis a merry merry life,
 Under the kingcup’s bell!
 ’Mid the dewy grass,
 Where the shadows pass,
 To and fro, to and fro,
 Where the woodworts grow,
 Where the bull frog sits,
 Where the lizard spits,
 Where the owlet hoots,
 ’Mid the oak tree’s roots,
 Where the newt calls,
 Harsh madrigals,

From the marshy mere,
 That low lieth near,
 To his mate unseen,
 'Mid the sedges green—
 Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la,
 'Tis a merry merry life,
 Under the kingcup's bell."

MAIDS.

"O careless, happy, joyous sprite,
 How like the meadow dews at breaking dawn,
 Vanish our sorrows! With what full delight,
 Welcome we thy presence to the lawn.
 List to thy mellow lute,
 Moving the jocund foot,
 As o'er the velvet grass,
 Swiftly we lightly pass,
 With hearts full of joy,
 Sadness cannot alloy;
 Happy, O happy!"

ARIEL.

"Thy devoir ladies. It doth do me good,
 Thus to behold so much fair maidenhood;
 For had my face been such—my limbs so fed,
 I had lost more than breath ere I were wed!"

MAIDS.

Thy tongue hath wit that suits our ears but ill.

ARIEL.

Who knew good BOLUS sample his own pill.

MAIDS.

E'en wit grows stale,

ARIEL.

And virtue maids prove true,
 Is like a secret better kept by two!

MAIDS.

Thy wits no stabler than the stars that drop.

ARIEL.

Thy virtue like a funnel hath no top,
Nor yet a bottom to contain itself!

MAIDS.

And after all what art thou but an elf?

ARIEL.

Wherein is much to reason with; for who
Shall say that ocean have the deeper blue,
Or starry heaven? Or what maid's a maid?
What gender be an egg when newly laid?
Where rests the rainbow? Or if Adam had
A navel? Or was Alexander mad?
If Mary was a virgin? Or if hairs
Make eels? Or if the animals in pairs,
Walked to the ark, or crept, or ran or flew?
Or who may be the bigger fool of two?
If dramatists are hom(er)sides? Or—

MAIDS.

Stay!
Thy questionable poses; for we pray
Thy service not thy wit.

ARIEL.

Wherein you show
Egregious dearth of that which doth bestow
An edge on Reason and doth garnish speech.

MAIDS.

Sir Elf, thy merry worded tongue doth teach,
More wisdom than thy looks give credit for.

ARIEL.

Night hath its unseen planets.

MAIDS.

And a floor
Creaks most that is unstable.

ARIEL.

Owls may nest
With linnets, and with feathers from the breast
Of robins line the hollows where they sleep.

CYNTHUS.

Peace! I bid thee peace. We do not seek
To quarrel with realities, nor find
In what is good an evil undesigned.
'Tis thy good service, ARIEL, we crave,
Not for thy wit have we necessity.
Wilt thou befriend us?

ARIEL.

Nay, will I adieu. *(going.)*

MAIDS.

Like OREAD he doth forsake us too!

CYNTHUS.

I am full vexed.

MAIDS.

O gentle Spirit stay.

ARIEL.

Come earth, come, air, come moonbeam and away.

CYNTHUS.

Yet will I conjour thee: unto thee speak
A voice of pleading. Pray thee to prolong
Thy visit, Genial Spirit, for the sake,
Merciful of that once kindly hand,

Whose cunning art restored to thee again
 Thy liberty, and from the potent spell
 Of Cycorax, foul mistress of thy love,
 Whose insidious power had long confined
 Thy gentle spirit to the sundered pine,
 ALCIDES iron biceps could not move;
 But whose malicious anger PROSPERO
 Circumvented and whose horrid charms
 Exorcised to make thee once more free.

ARIEL.

I am much moved. I grieve; I weep; I mourn!

MAIDS.

Then have a care on others too forlorn.

ARIEL.

I burn! I freeze! contract! expand! indeed—

MAIDS.

For other's woes then let thy bosom bleed.

ARIEL.

What would'st thou with me?

CYNTHUS.

Patience, and I'll tell
 Thee of the fortune that hath fallen us.
 Sweet CYNTHIA, pale orb, with curved horn,
 Rose moodily o'er yonder quiet hill,
 Serenely beautiful, since that still hour
 Of even, when the sinking sun slow crept
 Down to its tyrian rest beneath the veil
 Nebulous of night, and the dusk-born dew,
 With wat'ry beads begemmed the meadow grass,
 Like diamonds hid in the glossy locks
 Of some fair, Eveish Ethiopian—
 Fell our misfortunes with the tears of Heaven!

Enough; that thou should'st know we are outcast
 From the Elysian Bowers, nevermore
 To haunt their sacred arbours; Happy Groves!
 Delightful Solitudes! where ceaseless sing
 Unseen choirs of many-throated birds;
 Where gently dally 'mid the groves and grots,
 Soft winds that like the lute notes of a song,
 Swell up in gentle anthems thro' the boughs
 Of sycamores, then tremble into peace—
 No rude Autumnal blasts disturb the sweet
 Solemnity of things. The blossoms hang
 Down pendulous their heads in sleep, or lift
 Dew-kissed their fragrant chalices to catch
 The sun-smile of the day, and offer up
 Their incense to the altar of the stars.
 Fair lawns lead down to fairer valley lands,
 And shady groves, where splashing fountains leap
 Up-singing from the soil, and gurgling glide,
 In winding water courses in and out,
 'Mid mossy meadows and 'neath sunless woods,
 O'er sandy patches, and thro' rocky glens,
 Beyond the day-down to the salt sea deep—
 Alas, are we by ruthless Destiny,
 So wronged and fated we may never see
 Again those gardens till we shall have known,
 What is the blessing of supremest Love!

Maids (singing).

“O a true, true Love is a precious thing,
 And its home is hard to find;
 It dwelleth not lowly like mole in earth,
 Nor soareth like bird on wind;
 But stealthily comes like a thief, and goes
 Leaving no trace behind!

ARIEL (mockingly).

Toodle-do, toodle-do, toodle-do-do,
 Indeed, it is most unkind!
 Sing on sweet Nymphs, thy lyric numbers thrill

My bosom, like an echo of that bard,
 Who sang of ATALANTA and the fall
 Of the Caledonian concubine!

CYNTHUS.

Deturge thy tongue of slanders, witty elf,
 And give us counsel.

MAIDS.

Aye, thy counsel, Sir.

ARIEL.

Approach then some long-eared philosopher,
 Some snub-nosed visaged PLATO; worm him out,
 He will precipitate thy wrongs no doubt—
 Or seek some laurated bard who may
 Assuage thy sorrows with a score lined lay;
 Calm in conceit, and big with ignorance,
 The Muses' last, if not most favoured dunce.
 He fills the gap that Aldsworth's bard sublime,
 Left vacant to Immortality and Time.
 Go, seek him in some pleasant Kentish vale,
 Inspire his bosom with thy gre'vous tale,
 For tho' an idler at the Thespian spring,
 Whilome, his lyre with lyric rage can ring
 Seek him, and act upon his wise commands;
 And "face foul fortune, with unfaltering hands!"

Maids (vociferously).

"O Foul Fortune!
 Unfaltering hands!
 Where is the good,
 Of talismands?
 If virtue flees
 Before the bands
 Of vice; as 'fore
 Electric fans,
 Dust, smells and smoke?"

Like the commands,
 Imperative,
 Of Kubla Khans,
 Who loll in state,
 On soft divans,
 And watch beneath,
 Cool ostrich fans,
 Fair, dusky nymphs,
 Dance sarabands!
 Alas, alas,
 This life of man's,
 Is but of brief,
 Bright minute spans!—
 And tho' the eye
 Of wisdom scans,
 The depths of night,
 And desert sands,
 It cannot reach,
 The Happy Lands!

CYNTHUS.

What fustian is this? What silly jest?
 Comport yourselves, more wisely and Good Sylph,
 Give ear: I have a project I would wish
 Experimented. There do walk at eve,
 Breathing the fragrant and the purer air
 Of woods and meadows, to dispell the gloom
 Of dull diurnal labours, men and maids—
 Some solus, uncompanioned but by thought,
 Others in genial fellowship; again
 Others whose hearts like little beads of dew
 Upon a leaf, at touching of the lips,
 Unite with perfect harmony in one.
 Go thou, Good ARIEL, thyself unseen;
 Haunt each bye-track, and woody thoroughfare,
 Kine-paths, and all the winding ways that lead
 To mortal habitation, and way-lay
 Each traveller, man, maid, both rich and poor,

Pedlar, or dusty plodder of the wold,
 Carrier, carter, husbandman or fool,
 Labouring hind or milkmaid light of toe,
 Poising her pail upon her pretty head,
 And calling echoes to the rustic pipe
 Of COLIN in the vale: mislead awhile,
 Good ARIEL, their many purposes,
 Hither direct their footings that we may,
 Like gentle knights of the Ephesian god,
 Despoil them of their wit. Now, have I still
(*Exit ARIEL.*)

Another hope to aid us. But Sweet Maids,
 Control thine idle griefs, bear up and close
 The flood gates of thy tears, whose wet excess
 Would from the topmost height of ATHOS float
 Ducalian's ark. See here a simple stone.
(*Producing a black crystal*)

Fair, smooth and rounded as a virgin's breast,
 Opaque and sable-hued, not over much
 To feast the eye upon: yet hath it gifts,
 More rare and wonderful than all the gems,
 Dug from the richest of Potosi's mines.
 More subtle in perfection—without flaw—
 Than that self-moved needle that doth steer,
 Thro' calm and tempest o'er the utmost deep,
 The ship-man northward home! Who shall between
 Their fingers hold it, being in themselves
 Devoid of guile and virtuously pure,
 Contrite of heart and in their Reason well;
 Gentle, uprighteous, faithful, strong and true,
 Possessing no degree of selfishness,
 But modest, humble, godly and demure,
 Tho' manly as a man: and as a maid,
 In all things, ways and parts particular:
 Then shall whatever love partaketh root,
 Germinating within the rich loam of their hearts,
 Die never, but outlast the rot of Time,

And incorruptable to all the shocks
 Of Fortune, firmer than the ocean crags,
 That stem the wildest winters of the deep !
 Here may they prove their virtue, for their touch
 Shall move within its stony abdomen,
 A secret sympathy until it lose
 Its midnight lustre and as SOTHIS shine,
 Immaculately beautiful !

But see,
 Who cometh yonder with a countenance,
 Like SOLON's happiness ?

(Enter BARDICUS, followed by ARIEL.)

BARDICUS attired shabbily ; hair unkempt, with a forlorn aspect, and balancing a book on his head. Talking wildly to himself and gesticulating.

BARDICUS.

Testy—testy—testy—testimonies !
 Give ear, Good Folk, Good Folk, give ear, give ear !
 The Gods abuse me—O Ye unkind Gods !
 The Gods despise me—O Ye godless Gods !
 The Gods have kicked me—O Ye valiant Gods !
 Alas, how have ye wronged me who have loved
 Too well, thy wisdom ; growing in the search
 Of knowledge, metaphysically mad.
 I am not of the inane motly crowd,
 Who read and sleep, and sleep and read again,
 Who pass their days in turning of old tomes,
 And hanging libraries about their necks,
 (Methinks that is a goodly piece of wit)
 Whose years are passed between the backs of books,
 Thick with the dust of venerable years.
 I have no pedantry, nor pose to know,
 More than the conscious fact to know I am ;
 Feel, feast and sleep, see, smell and copulate,
 And as I am just what I am ; (three parts
 Gobbo, and one part Bavius withall)
 Desire to grow not less, nor yet grow more,

And would have others be just what I am,
 Or rather what they are, that is to say,
 (I scarce know what I do intend to say!)
 I would have each be quite himself, and this
 Proclaim I as my testament, Ye Gods!
 Do I not testify regarding things?
 (Whatever that may be: but still I do!)
 That monkeys must be born and are not made,
 That man's an ape, minus the caudal-piece!
 The vainest, wisest, maddest animal!
 That rich men all are scoundrels and do stink
 Abnoxiously of vice and prostitution—
 An hackneyed protest purposed to inflame,
 Those simple people, "mere Automata,"
 Who proffer from their rough, despised hands,
 Six copper coins to buy my rhythmic rant!—
 And I have spoken parables against
 Old saws, old songs, old things, old fads, old times,
 And openly invited to contest
 With me the controversy of diffuse
 Intelligences?—God knows what I mean!—
 Still have I done so, vainly tho' I fear:
 Altho' I'd gladly give ten sterling pounds,
 To all who could one quarter of the clock,
 In intellectual wrestle stand me out!
 'Tis said that Demus murmurs to allow,
 My lips to lie so much, so long, so loud,
 And scathless of rebuke? Yet must I live,
 Ah, there's the rub, the cause, the evidence,
 The origin of all my testaments!
 Live and let live, for all dogs have their day,
 And luckless BARDICUS must too descend
 Into the limbo of decrepit things.
 If I wrote not my testaments, nor gulled
 The simple public just as others do,
 With humbug, I had, by necessity,
 Starved in penurious poverty, or fallen
 To push a barrow for a livelihood.

Give ear, Good Folk, Good Folk, give ear, give ear,
 Extend your pity to poor BARDICUS,
 Who dared and daring wrote a testament,
 Do I not know as much of fleas and bears,
 Vultures and lions, "groundling apes" and "nags,"
 And wily man, as any mortal born?
 Whilst still like "Uncle Sammy" I have got
 An argument in either hand, and mean,
 If necessary further, to produce,
 New pseudo-philosophic testaments!

ARIEL

God PAN preserve us!

MAIDS.

Surely he is mad?

CYNTHUS.

Not mad but only with a plethora
 Of reasoning grown distraught; as one might strive
 To push a giant boulder up a hill,
 Like Sisyphus, then failing of his strength,
 Shout wildly out for succour. He hath strived,
 To solve Cycloptic problems much beyond
 His understanding, till his puny wit
 Collapsed, and all his inference hath been,
 A. salmagundi of monstrosities!

MAIDS.

The Mavis sings upon the thorn,
 Upon the Rose the dew is wet,
 The Lark hath risen to the morn,
 And yet above no star hath set.
 The winds are hushed upon the hill,
 The moon her silver coronet
 Amid the shadows, weareth still—
 Thus Heaven's purpose to fulfil,
 A light to lead us up and on;
 Sweet Hope sustains the Human will,
 With promise of a brighter dawn.

CYNTHUS.

Let us not mock his weakness but have care,
That we ourselves are not infallible,
And from the just tribunal of the Gods
May merit equal punishment.

(addressing BARDICUS.

Good Sir,
What be your troubles ?

BARDICUS.

Many and profound.

CYNTHUS.

Likewise have others sorrows.

BARDICUS.

Mine are such
As have no name in words and dwell alone,
Like lions in the desert and roar out,
With throaty thunders that disturb the soul.

CYNTHUS.

Poor BARDICUS.

MAIDS.

Alas, poor BARDICUS.

ARIEL.

Alas, alas, alas, poor BARDICUS,

(sings.

Again to the woods,
And the solitudes
Of the hills I go ;
Where the rough pines grow,
Where the oak cast shades
Thro' the grassy glades,
And primroses bloom,
In the forest gloom,
With th' windy fox-glove :
And violets shove

Their pendulous heads,
 From the black loam beds,
 And the fallen leaves,
 Where the ivy weaves,
 O'er the earth a screen,
 With its tendrils green :
 Where the blue-bells peep,
 'Mid the moss, and sleep,
 With their cups hung down—
 Where the acorns brown,
 Strew their hardy fruits,
 Round their parent roots,
 And dark lichens cling
 About ev'rything—
 On the gnarled oak,
 Or emerald cloak
 O'er each rustic bank,
 With a verdure rank—
 While the field mice play,
 Thro' the grass all day,
 And all night the owl,
 From his hole doth howl,
 At the crescent moon,
 In an under-tune—
 'Tis a fair, fair life,
 And a gentle strife,
 With the winds and rain,
 And the sun again,
 In the solitude,
 Of the underwood !

(Exit.

BARDICUS.

What gentle voice doth mock my sorrow now ?

CYNTHUS.

Be not discomfited—

BARDICUS.

Sing yet again !

CYNTHUS.

For we would solace thee—

BARDICUS.

O yet once more!

CYNTHUS.

And ease thy troubles—

BARDICUS.

Gently, silent still,
And gone for ever!

CYNTHUS.

List for awhile—

BARDICUS.

But I will follow thee!

(Exit.

CYNTHUS.

Farewell then, and good fortune. Seek'st thou out,
That gentle voice and emulate its song,
And thou shalt culture sweetness and outsing
The nightingale. But yonder thro' the trees,
Approach a cooing couple, who have eyes,
Like a potato, and see naught beyond
Themselves. Now for a taste of stupidity.

Enter AUDLEY and COLIN, shepherdess and shepherd
dressed in smocks, with bare feet and walking together.

COLIN.

“Sweet AUDLEY! loveliest maiden of the train,
That sways the bosom of this love-sick swain—
Alluring Nymphs, how oft their buxom charms,
Have thrilled my frame with passion's sweet alarms!
Delightful pleasures! priceless, more divine,
Than dwell in twenty hogsheads full of wine!
What times we've had, what deeds, I blush to own,
What revelries, but now, now all are flown!
As oft in summer sudden tempests sweep
The peaceful plains, and bosom of the deep:
But soon the sun and gentle winds once more,

Assaulted Nature's tranquil reign restore.
 When o'er the flood the weeping willow rears
 Its sylvan shade and weeps its mimic tears;
 And once again the babbling torrent leaps,
 Amid its rocks, or melancholy creeps,
 With crystal current round the meadow side,
 And on to ocean pours its virgin tide.
 Thus AUDLEY, turns my passion's flood to thee,
 From all desires and fires and follies free.
 No longer this uncontrite heart shall share
 Its love—alone for thee be all its care—
 No longer sigh these lips with wanton whine,
 For other maid's, or form more fair than thine!

AUDLEY.

O COLIN, fickle, freckled,, faithless youth,
 To Virtue stranger, and a foe to Truth,
 Can'st thou with calm impertinance declaim,
 Thy filthy foibles, without blush or shame?
 Alas! that I so gentle and so pure,
 Should be the bed-mate of a lustful boor!
 Thou hateful man! I feel within my breast,
 A wish that—but I cannot speak the rest!
 I weep! I faint! I fall! I blush! I burn!
 Come, break O Heart, Vile Earth, my spirit spurn!
 But no! Avaunt! *per fas et nefas*, I
 Shall nobly live and not ignobly die!
 And wretch denounce thee in the light of day,
 A poor, proud, pallid perjured poppinjay!

COLIN.

Enough! sweet AUDLEY, by these score of hairs
 That down my cheek and prove my manly years,
 I swear—

AUDLEY.

False Bumpkin, moderate thy tongue.

COLIN.

I swear I love thee, or may I be hung!

AUDLEY.

Thy words are false, and false thy passion too,
I hate, abhor, despise, and.....caution you!

COLIN.

O Ruthless Fair! how can you treat me so,
Your faithful-unto-death, dejected beau?
Farewell! if we must part, let parting be
Not made more painful with asperity,
Forgive and I'll forget; altho' to love
Thee less I cannot! Time alone shall prove,
How foolish was thine anger, and how vain—
Alas what rustic Adam hast thou slain!
But years will bring remorse and cruel Fate
Shall teach thee wisdom, when alas, too late!
When thy fair May-day countenance shall fade,
Into the wrinkled visage of a jade.
When senile age shall bleach thy tresses trim,
And gout besiege each rosy, rounded limb,
Plump cynosure of sighs, that often drew
The admiration of the rustic crew,
Assembled oft with pipes and pots of beer,
To watch thee step a waltz, and loudly cheer,
Or weave gay garlands round the village pole.
To some old fiddler's merry folderol.
When time no charm hath left thee, and the years,
Bring but a dismal legacy of tears,
Then shall remorse thy wintry bosom burn,
Back to the past thy fleeting fancy turn,
When bald and blind; and cracked thy silver voice
That once was wont discretely to rejoice.
In love's sweet dialogue, or gaily sing,
Along the meadows in the morns of spring;
Wrinkled thy cherry cheeks and pale thy lips,
That once the ripest berries could eclipse,
No trace of beauty shall remain to tell,
How fair their roses ere their blossoms fell!
Gray grow thy locks—

AUDLEY.

O prophesy no more !
 Upon my knees thy pardon I implore ;
 COLIN to thee for future weal or woe,
 The whole of my affections I bestow !

COLIN.

Divinest AUDLEY, nestle to my arms,
 Seek there safe refuge from all false alarms !
 All that I spoke was bombast—never can
 Man live alone nor maid without a man !

MAIDS.

It is better far to love,
 And to prove,
 The happiness of wedded life,
 Than a batchelor to stay,
 And betray,
 True maidens of their hopes of wife !
 Good is it that ye comply,
 Nor be shy,
 Fair women, to man's just desires,
 Than a virgin to remain,
 With the pain,
 Ever of unextinguished fires !
 God hath made ye each for each,
 One to teach,
 Maternal virtues chaste and bright,
 And the other how to be,
 Prudently,
 A noble master in his right.
 Trifle not with love nor fate,
 Lest too late,
 Sweet maids, ye find that men betray,
 And youths, that there are maidens few,
 Ever true,
 Who change not lovers with the day.
 Winter years are sad and lone,
 When no one,

Who's childrened of ourselves shall stand,
 Near to bless us—life shall be,
 Then a sea,
 That wastes its water in the sand.

CYNTHUS.

Good shepherd we salute thee and approve
 Thine Honorable wooing. Thou deserv'st
 The favour of the Gods. Virtuous Maid,
 As beautiful as prudent, fruitful be
 Thy blessings of connubial desire—
 A numerous and faithful progeny.

COLIN.

Wise CYNTHUS, may the grace of God be thine.

AUDLEY.

And all the wisdom of the classic nine.

COLIN.

About thy brows let leeky garlands rest.

AUDLEY.

Gracing those temples wit and learning blest!

COLIN.

Let ancient Zeus rise in stagey might,
 Beyond the frowning portals of the night,
 Hurl fiery bolts down mimic mountain sides,
 Whilst Pallas rants heroic diatribes—
 Finger his beard and shake his regal staff,
 And like a foiled Adelphi villain laugh,
 Or quaffing stoups of generous wine, declaim,
 How out of chaos earth and order came,
 How Death took up his scythe and Time his glass,
 And silent sits and counts the ages pass;
 How Destiny—

CYNTHUS.

Good Shepherd, shake thy wits,
 Behold disconsolate thy consort sits,
 On yonder grassy bank, and with her eyes,

Questions thy sanity and pensive sighs ;
 But ere thou shall depart a moment take
 This sable stone—

COLIN.

Not even for the sake
 Of Ormusd, would I venture.

CYNTHUS.

Have no fear.

COLIN.

Experience is cheap but wisdom's dear.

CYNTHUS.

It hath a virtue—

COLIN.

So had Helen once !

CYNTHUS.

Prudence may err but Doubt is e'er a dunce.

COLIN.

Then fare-thee-well, wise CYNTHUS, keep thy stone,
 I'll err with Prudence and depart alone.

(Going.

CYNTHUS.

What thou art minded thou art free to do.

COLIN.

Farewell wise CYNTHUS—

(Exit

CYNTHUS.

Cloddipole adieu.

So let him pass. A lover's ever mad,
 Too good to live, or yet to die, too bad.
 But hither hastens ARIEL. Good Sprite,

(ARIEL enters.

What is the purpose of thy merry flight?

ARIEL.

Love !

CYNTHUS.

Sayest love ?

ARIEL.

Aye, love ! Come lend an ear,
And a sweet, lyric love tale shalt thou hear.

CYNTHUS.

A moment pray ! we've had enough of rhymes,
And Popish pomp and fustian. The times
Have changed, and for the better. Tell thy tale,
Full merrily, like Avon's Nightingale,
Leave wordy vanities—a Bard's worst foes—
Or speak thy narrative in honest prose.

ARIEL. (*Sings.*

I've a love a little maiden,
Maryllis her name.
And her lips are honey laden,
Much I loved the little maiden,
When the summer came ;
Still I love the little maiden,
Ever and the same.
Maryllis alone doth dwell,
'Neath a fallen beechen shell,
All alone she singeth sweetly,
While she worketh very neatly,
Petticoat and fairie whimple
Silken coif and hosen simple,
With a wee thorn for her needle,
From the armour of the beetle ;
From the forest spider's web,
Stealeth she a silken thread,
While Arachne 'neath a leaf,
Spies not out the little thief ;
Careless of the bright noon sun,
Sleeping till the dusk's begun,
When the moth on heavy wing,
Flutters thro' the evening,
When the stars peep out, and pale

Hangs the moon above the vale.
 All alone sits Maryllis,
 Singing full of happiness,
 From the crimson peep of morn,
 Till the dew's upon the thorn,
 Hidden, 'neath her beechen shell,
 Hidden deep in woody dell.

CYNTHUS.

A simple tale and in the telling sweet.
 Hath it no sequel?

ARIEL.

None. What would'st thou have?

CYNTHUS.

No less and a deal more.

ARIEL.

Little and much.
 Bad neighbours ever were. But if thou should'st
 So wish me sing again, I would unfold
 A sad tale and a sweet.

CYNTHUS.

Good ARIEL,
 The summer wind upon an orchard bank :
 The drowsy lap of rising tides : the rains
 Of Autumn 'mid the leaves : The gentle fall
 Of woodland waters o'er their mossy beds ;
 Are sounds not sweeter nor upon the ear
 Steal with a gentler music than thy tongue.

ARIEL.

Then shall I tell thee of poor Marian,
 A simple shepherdess in yonder vale,
 Who is much crossed in love. Thus did I hear
 Her sing, unto her lute, but yester eve.

(Sings.

All under the green bough,
 Did I my love meet,
 Did he me fond greet,

Hee Ho, my heart's broke now !
 Merry sang the lark then,
 All sun-bright the day,
 Under the green spray,
 Where shadows play,
 The fair weeds you may ken,
 The pimpernel red,
 The white arrowhead,
 The deadly nightshade,
 The toadflax, the wort,
 Flowers many sort,
 Did there disport,
 Under the green bough,
 Their colours many fair,
 That I did cry "O rare !"
 That my heart sighed, Hee, Ho,
 All under the green bough,
 When I my true love met,
 Nor knew he my love yet,
 A free man was he,
 Of Love's gramary,
 That he did me greet,
 With pure word most sweet,
 With jest did he say,
 "Sweet Maid, happy day,"
 And was straight away.
 O periwinkle !
 O camomile gentle !
 O wormwood, tansy,
 Cowbane and pansy,
 Kingcup and green plum,
 Brew me a nostrum,
 Under the moon's ray.
 Brew it well I pray,
 While I roses twine,
 With sweet eglantine,
 And cypress dismal,
 That they make my pall,

For my love is gone,
 My heart hath no song,
 I pine for the love,
 I may not have
 I sigh, eke, I weep,
 But my secret keep,
 Only the owl,
 Mouse-catching, sad,
 Gray, solemn owl,
 In the church belfry,
 Where swallows fly,
 Doth my poor love know,
 Of that I well trow,
 Lack-a-day, Hee Ho,
 My heart is broke!

CYNTHUS.

Were it not sad in telling I could laugh,
 A sorry tale, indeed, and moving sad.
 Lives still the maid?

ARIEL.

Remote in yonder vale,
 She weeps her heart each night out to the stars,
 And sows the grass with tears.

CYNTHUS.

She may forget.

ARIEL.

When morning and the evening hour are one.

CYNTHUS.

Then shall she have no need again of tears.
 But who approaches yonder?

*Enter PHILOSOPHUS and BIBLIO
 disputing violently.*

There doth seem
 Between these learned heads a variance,
 Or some degladiation. Let us hold
 Our peace that we may gather their discourse,

'Tis wiser oft to listen than dispute,
When friends fall out or wit encounters wit.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Minus and plus, take and carry and add!
By rule of three I'll prove thou art a fool—
And by deduction, simple or compound,
Prove thee infatuate and out of wits,
Or set thee sums of subtle reasoning,
In wisdom, thou could'st never bottom touch,
Tho' thou hadst fins of Dagon at thy back—
Thou hast pretensions, aye, wouldst have all think,
That thou hast drunk of Mimir's well and found
The seal of Solomon. Say fool, canst thou
Tell me the inverse ratio of that,
Which seems, yet seems but half of what it seems?
Pluck up the oozy bottom of the deep,
And count the muddy birthdays of the sea?
Or sum the strataed ages of the Earth?
Or, gage the gilded volume of the moon,
Correctly, as it were a merchandise,
Or weigh the planets? Delve into the soil,
And ravish from its bosom mysteries
That e'en the tongue of Azrael could not keep,
Were he pent up in Etna—mysteries
Hid 'neath the stoney structure of Earth's ribs—
Unearth the secrets of old Time and turn
The tide of ages back upon itself,
Tracing in Glacial rocks a history,
More ancient than the flood—eventful more,
Than the career of Attila the Hun:
With which the age of Cæsar would but seem
No more than yesterday—or with a clay
Dug from cretaceous bottoms, prove how false
And fabulous thy purile Pentateuch:
Fit only for the ears of babes and such
As thrust their fingers i' their mouths and suck
The wind into the hollow of their cheeks;
Or list to foolish tales of fancy told,

Behind the ingle of a Winter's eve?
 Can'st thou compute the majesty of God,
 Unveil and know him?

BIBLIO.

Vain blasphemer, peace!

PHILOSOPHUS.

Can'st trace amid the mountains and the hills,
 The rocks, the rivers, oceans, lakes, and seas,
 Clouds, and the starry firmament, and depths
 Of Aether—In the relics delved out
 Of buried fauna and of fossiled roots,
 O'erwhelmed and stoney-turned of Permian time—
 The evidence of power, vast, etern,
 Creative, wond'rous, mutable, but ne'er
 Becoming enervate nor old with toil,
 But ever building up again the fane
 It hath destroyed, as noble and sublime?
 The meadow brook that bubbles from the grass,
 And winds a narrow channel to the sea,
 Or dries up in the sun, plays not a part
 In the eternal comedy of things,
 Less than the mighty Amazon that rolls,
 Through woods primeval and a continent,
 Its flood from Chilian Andes to the deep—
 Both feed the winds and hang a cloudy veil
 Before the face of Nature and suck down
 Again their beings from the mountain tops.
 Stars go not out but other stars appear,
 As brilliant and as beautiful—the night
 Wanes that the morn may break—the Winter falls,
 That Spring may hang again upon the woods
 A leafy vesture, and the meadow lands
 Carpet anew with lavish loveliness—
 Great ocean waters shelve to shallow seas,
 That lesser tides grow stronger from the deep—
 Mountains subside that gloomy vales may show,
 Their weed-rank hollows to the eye of day—

Time makes us old that age again may turn
 Our lives to second childhood ; and grim Death
 Shakes down our earthy temples to the dust,
 Tho' not in wanton pastime, but that out
 Our ashes may come forth new excellence,
 Making another Spring of Wintertime ;
 For from our foulsome bonehouse leaps anew,
 Life in a thousand postures ; weed and worm,
 Invisible and gaseous pabulum,
 Of fairest flowers and of forest Oaks.

BIBLIO.

Thy tongue runs riot and thy wits keep pace—
 False and ungodly are thy words ; profane
 Thine arguments, and madly vain thy task
 To solve the wond'rous mystery of things ;
 For the divine arcana of the world
 Physical, and of the deeper soul,
 The thorn-crowned Christ alone, made manifest.
 How vain are all thy labours ; idly vain !
 Philosophy and Science what are they ?
 Worlds but of smoke ! and knowledge what art thou ?
 An intellectual varnish ! and pronounce,
 What reason is ? a brother unto time—
 Something and nothing ! actual, yet void !
 The fruit of thought hung on the utmost bough
 Of Wisdom. tainted with a rottenness !
 An iron master and a subtle slave ;
 Ready to over rule or lead us forth
 Into more follies than La Mancha's knight !
 Reason can live but Faith alone can die !
 Boast not then of thy science with its poor
 Vain glorious achievements, of its great,
 Wild, wonderful discoveries, that make
 A mock of fiction ! verily I say,
 That all thy vaunted triumphs in the arts,
 And Sciences are but a little dust
 Upon the wings of Time, that a new flight,

Of years shall shake away, and races new,
 Shall lightly chronicle as something quaint
 And curious in human history!

PHILOSOPHUS.

Thou fool!

BIBLIO.

Blasphemer!

PHILOSOPHUS.

Thou fanatic fool!

BIBLIO.

Heretic!

PHILOSOPHUS.

No wits.

BIBLIO.

Belzebub!

PHILOSOPHUS.

Ranter!

BIBLIO.

Thou mad Philistine!

PHILOSOPHUS.

Goody nincompoop!

BIBLIO.

Thou vain pedantic wisdom-worm!

PHILOSOPHUS.

Away!

Slave of delusions! psychic fallacies!
 Chimeras! visions! vapours! fits and dreams!
 Faith fathered of fear; piety that's born
 Of superstition.....

BIBLIO.

And 'twere better thus,
 To live in fear of God and die in peace,
 With hope that we but close our eyes on Earth,
 To open them in Heaven; than to sup

With Plato, with a sneer upon our lips,
And leap into the dark.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Diogenes!
Pythagoras! and thou Olympic shade
Of ancient Zeus, shake upon thy throne,
With righteous wrath! cast an Egyptian blight
Upon this fellow! Can'st thou thus behold,
Unmoved these insults, to the sacred cause
Of Wisdom, Reason and Philosophy?

BIBLIO.

Rail if it make thee wiser—

PHILOSOPHUS.

O Socrates!

BIBLIO.

Or ease thy warped conscience—

PHILOSOPHUS.

Muck-worm hence!
Lest I so far forget my dignity,
As raise these hands in punitive offence!

BIBLIO.

I have no fear of thee: mad Philistine!

PHILOSOPHUS.

Have at thee then—Advance Philosophy!

(They fight.)

CYNTHUS.

Good Sirs, Good Sirs, what be your enmity?

(Parts them.)

What cause have thee for quarrel? Pray disclose
Your faction that we may be arbiters?

PHILOSOPHUS.

Heard'st not our disputation? Wherefore ask
Our quarrel?

BIBLIO.

We did but disport ourselves,
Franti nulla fides, most gentle maid.

CYNTHUS.

Whence springs this noisy uproar? this abuse
 Of breath and syntax? this unseemly strife?
 Hath Time not plucked thy follies with thy locks?
 Nor sown thy hearts with patience, as thy beards
 With snowy reverence? For shame! for shame!
 Say is it meet that Wisdom and the Church
 Should strive like rival scullions o'er a bone,
 And crack each other i' the pate like clowns
 With wind-distended bladders to make mirth
 And entertainment for a village crowd,
 That with loud jests and laughers shouts them on
 To fresh displays of mad buffoonery?
 Good Sirs, respect your dignities and years—
 Who justly rules himself and curbs his tongue,
 Hath better cause to boast than Hannibal,
 When Carthage on the field of Cannae bowed
 To dust the proud, imperious head of Rome!
 What be your quarrel?

BIBLIO.

Little and how much.

CYNTHUS.

Its cause?

BIBLIO.

Who haply loveth most his trade.

CYNTHUS.

And thine?

PHILOSOPHUS.

To search for knowledge and commerce
 With Nature for her treasures: like some stern
 And stalwart savage, who doth idly wear
 About his dusky throat a string of pearls,
 Fished from the sandy bed of Indian seas,

And ignorant their value. Nature holds
Still richer gems for those who trade with her.

CYNTHUS.

And thine Sir Serious?

BIBLIO.

To sow the seeds
Of Virtue, Justice, and Benevolence,
Humility, Faith, Hope, Love, Charity,
Religious toleration, and prepare
With admonitions, councils and reproofs,
The soul 'gainst dissolution, as with spice,
Myrrh, cassia, and frankincense, the corse,
Is seasoned after death to challenge time.

CYNTHUS.

A goodly roll of virtues! if, indeed,
The habit of thy speech and countenance,
Resolved me not of thy sincerity,
I dare would laugh. But here is where-with-all,
Shall put an ending to thy rivalry.

Proffers the CRYSTAL.

PHILOSOPHUS.

What mummery is this?

BIBLIO.

What may it mean.

CYNTHUS.

Fear not of evil consequence, for here
No subtle magic lurks, but who-so-ever,
Having a holy purpose in himself,
Doth grasp it, shall not suffer, but behold,
A prodigy.

BIBLIO.

I have no faith in this.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Nor faith have I;
But it shall not be said Philosophy,

Makes cowards of its savants, or doth fence
About with poor credulity and fears,
The mind with common sense and Reason ruled—
Give me the toy.

CYNTHUS.

Well may it omen thee. (*Gives the CRYSTAL.*

PHILOSOPHUS.

Mine eyes deceive me, or is here no sign
Portentous of a prodigy. Spake I

Returns CRYSTAL.

Not falsely ; for Philosophy, indeed,
Deals not in wonders but in facts approved
Of Reason and Experience.

BIBLIO.

Well said ;
Yet hath experience made oft a fool.
Of jealous Reason.

PHILOSOPHUS.

Quibbler ! There is more
Of nothing in a bucket, than good sense
Beneath thy pate ; and for each fool that's made
By Reason, there are seventy and ten,
Fathered of a little wheaten crust,
A paternoster and a cup of wine !

BIBLIO.

Peace, Infidel !

PHILOSOPHUS.

I have no peace with fools.

BIBLIO.

Beware, lest I upon thy shameless head,
Call down the thunders of the Holy Church.

PHILOSOPHUS.

A fig for thy impotent blasphemies,
And all the thunders of thy Holy Church,

Anathemas ecclesiastical,
 And vaticanish, and episcopal,
 And all such mad unchristian trumpery—
 The buzzing of a gnat upon the pane,
 Affrights me more, lest should it sting mine ear,
 And raise thereon a nodule full of itch!

BIBLIO.

Cursed be thy head, thy heart, thy kidneys,
 Toes, feet, hands, eyes, nose, liver, reins, desires,
 And cursed also.....

PHILOSOPHUS.

Be thy faulterous tongue.

(Exit quarreling.)

CYNTHUS.

Alas! that Faith and Reason should fall out,
 When join'd hand in hand they could o'er turn
 The Universe!—could from the eaves of earth
 Pluck forth the secrets of primeval time,
 God-hidden there—rebuke the boundless deep
 Into subservience: could delegate,
 A voice and understanding to the winds,
 To reason with them and hold dialogue,
 Whither they list and what their harmony:
 Give eyes unto the stars that they might bend
 Back looks of love into the poet's soul;
 Or tongues that they might tell into his ear,
 Their planetary music: Reason to rocks,
 That they might read to kings an homily,
 On human toleration, that the woes
 Of an oppress'd people can like shocks
 Of buried thunders quake them to the earth!—
 Give sympathy to stones that they might mock
 The sordidness of Midas-hearted man;
 Justice to storms and tempests that they spare,
 No less the mansion than the ploughman's cot;
 And to the rains of Heaven, reverence,
 That they should fall upon the parch'd earth,

Yielding sweet sustenance, than idly waste
 Their living virtues in the fruitless deep.
 Nature is full of symbols and doth teach,
 Mutely in parables how best to live.
 All peoples are her ministers ; all lands
 Her tabernacles ; and the lives of men
 Her liturgy, from which each day she reads
 Some wondrous sermon. Now a Hero falls,
 Amid the shock of armies, a sad text,
 On how to dare and conquer. Now some seer,
 Born of the people, rough and eloquent.
 With eyes that like the sun pierce thro' the mists
 Of mockery and sham that fence our lives—
 Lips with a scathing utterance of words,
 Harsh as the granite of his native hills,
 And thrice more permanent ; examples us,
 How best to shape the marble of our lives
 Into a manly monument, more fair
 Than ever left the hands of Phidias !
 Now in some hidden corner of the earth,
 In solitary patience, lives alone,
 Roughing the scorn and slanderous abuse,
 Of vulgar men, who understand him not,
 A gentle youth, a sensitive, sad soul,
 That silent suffers, never argueing,
 But like a star that brightens with the dusk,
 The nobler grows with griefs his character.
 How like the storied watcher of the well,
 Doth brood his soul about the sacred fount
 Of bless'd Aganippe, and weary waits
 The troubling of the waters. Then behold,
 Interpreting the sign Ulysses-like,
 He breaks the hidden silence of his lips,
 And floods the earth with harmony ! No church,
 No creed, no vain philosophy he owns,
 His faith is in himself and the divine.
 Learning he has but not of colleges,
 Crammed for occasion, but as graduate

To nature gleaned—the Heavens and the Earth,
 The wild salt sea, his only lesson books :
 Theology, Art, Science, Rhetoric,
 Love, Poetry, and Music writ in one !
 A wond'rous book, from whence he daily cons,
 How best to know the Master by his works !

But yonder hangs the moon upon the edge
 Of breaking morn ; the stars now slowly shut
 The windows of their light, and sleeping Day,
 Throws back the sable curtains of her couch,
 And walks the earth again.

MAIDS.

See the moon on yonder hill,
 Rests her nether horn ;
 Paler grow the stars and dews
 Usher in grey Morn.
 Now the lark with joyous wing,
 Mounting on the gale,
 High o'er woods and meadow lands,
 Warbleth thro' the vale ;
 O'er the lawns the flowers ope
 One and all their eyes,
 Heavy with the dews, to drink
 Morning from the skies.
 Now the ploughman's voice is heard,
 Calling on the hill—
 Whilst the crimson matin breaks,
 Bright and brighter still.
 Slowly from the dairy-house,
 Trips the dairy-maid ;
 With her cans and wooden stool,
 Singing thro' the glade.
 Now knee-deep amid the grass,
 Milketh she the herd ;
 Quieting each restless beast,
 With a gentle word.
 Yonder 'mid the hollow Downs,

Stretching mile on mile,
 Like a curtain, heavy mists,
 Linger yet awhile.
 Phœbus in his chariot,
 Rides the upper air,
 Swifter till his radiance
 Falleth ev'rywhere.

Enter a Merchant with a staff in his hand, preceded by
 ARIEL; to him invisible.

MERCHANT.

Again methought I heard it, yet again, . . .
 A gentle music that doth draw me on.
 'Tis but a fancy, I will turn me back.

Turns to go.

ARIEL.

Trip along, trip along,
 To the dewy-wet lawn,
 Under the hasel bush,
 Where the merry brown thrush,
 Singeth a one-note song—
 And the wren,
 Now and then,
 Chips in,
 Tweet! tweet!
 Chips in!

MERCHANT.

Again! What trick is this? what mockery?
 What barbarous music doth assail mine ear?
 Yet do my feet refuse allegiance—
 How now catiffs! where be your reverence?—
 But they shall not despoil me of my gold—
 Who dares molest an honest citizen?—
 I shall have justice.....

Catching sight of CYNTHUS and MAIDS.

Ha! Who have we here?

CYNTHUS.

Welcome—

MERCHANT.

Thieves ! Scoundrels ! Robbers ! Amazons !

CYNTHUS.

Good Sir, assure thyself—

MERCHANT.

Would'st rob an old
Decrepid pedlar ?

CYNTHUS.

Thou dost much ill-judge
Our character.

MERCHANT.

Nay, nay, I know you well,
Snares ! traps and jades ! Diana's worshippers !

CYNTHUS.

Art thou a merchant ?

MERCHANT.

Aye, said I not so ?
Robbery's in thine eyes and greed and gold,
Theft in thy very looks : Away ! Begone !
I shall have justice !

CYNTHUS

Patience, thou shalt hear—

MERCHANT.

What tales ? I make no compromise.

CYNTHUS.

We are—

MERCHANT.

Children of Sisyphus ! Begone I say !
I have no gold and I shall give no bond—
Said I, I was a merchant ? Lazarus
Was not less poor. But thou shalt lay no hand
Upon my person violently ; there's law !

Have fear of it, and so I say again,
Nay, I am no merchant.

CYNTHUS.

What proof hast thou
Convincing of thy word?

MERCHANT,

Thou mayst try
Thine utmost cunning, yet shalt thou not prove,
Even by Cowper law I speak not truth.

CYNTHUS.

We are resolved thou art some merchant man.

MAIDS.

A merchant, Aye, indeed a goodly man,
One of much standing, a philosopher,
Learn'd in the art of figures, who doth keep
His wisdom in a book. A cautious man.

MERCHANT.

Thou are much ill-informed. What ape of hell
Hath put such thievish thoughts into thy heads?
I have no gold, I have not any gold.
Nor any wealth but what I own in dreams,
Nor credit but the strength my body has,
Which is but poor, and all I have in life,
And tho' thou canst not buy my soul for pelf,
Thou mayest have my body at a sum.

CYNTHUS.

Art thou a Christian?

MERCHANT.

But no usurer.

CYNTHUS.

Then may it be thou art not unaware
Of him, who guilty, died of a rebuke—
May'st know his name?

MERCHANT.

So, so, where lies the plot?

CYNTIUS.

What need to question further? surely God
 Hath grown too fond of erring man, or Time
 Hath rot his majesty, and put a rust
 Upon the scales of Justice, that such knaves
 As thou, should'st live and fear no consequence.
 For 'tis not in the word that evil is,
 But in the act. Thou sayest thou art poor;
 A pedlar, tho' thy coffers groan aloud,
 Like the o'erburdened guts of Aldermen,
 After a civic feast. O horrid lie!
 How hast thou wronged that prodigality
 Fortune did shed upon thee, like the weeds
 That drape sea rocks and hide their stoney ribs!
 How art thou lacking in that charity,
 That put a cloak upon thee and did feed
 Thine hunger with a mercy bountiful,
 That should have made a mirror of thy soul,
 To image back again what heaven gave.
 Thrice damned thief! How much hast thou abused
 Thine office of God's almoner? Gave he
 Into thy keeping riches, with a trust,
 Thou would'st be honest by them and bestow,
 Where pleaded poverty, benevolence.
 But thou hast scorned thy trust; thou hast denied
 Thy servantage, abominable wretch!
 Still know, that all thou hast is lent of God,
 And He shall have a reck'ning, aye, unto
 The very utmost of a pennyworth!
 Then better 'twere for thee thou wast barefoot
 And honest, than the heir of opulence,
 Who wanted of a grainsweight i' the balance!

MERCHANT.

Thou wouldst persuade me of a villainy
 My soul doth quake at, tho' I be innocent.
 Money have I, a little money, gold,
 Gotten by honest trading, 'tis mine own,

And none shall take it of me, 't is mine own,
 As are mine eyes, mine ears, my very soul!
 It is the just reward of many toils,
 And not of chance and evil wagering,
 What curse lies then upon it? Have not I
 A right to use it 'fore all other men,
 To grant it, hold it, use it as seems good?

CYNTHUS.

Spoken as one who reasons with his head,
 Whose soul is sordid, and whose heart is foul
 With parsimony, that doth taint his speech,
 As surfeits do abominate the breath,
 That all abhor. Enough, thou art a man,
 In flesh if not in spirit, and shall shape
 Thine end to thine own liking. Fare thee well.

MERCHANT.

How now Hypathia, art thou annoyed
 That I should love my monies, aye, nor give
 Lavishly that which I do well protest,
 Was tardy i' the coming?

CYNTHUS.

Fare thee well.

MERCHANT.

Unwished I came—

CYNTHUS.

Then get thee gone; but stay,
 Take hold this stone, it may portend thee good.

MERCHANT,

What be its value? 'Tis a common stone;
 Its value—

CYNTHUS.

Hath no metal price.

MERCHANT.

'Nay, then
 'Tis valueless!

CYNTHUS.

As is the faith of Christ,
And 'twere a sin to put a price upon it.
But take it in thy hand, 'tis not a gift,
And I would ask thee give it back again.

MERCHANT.

Strange, strange, but give it me.

(Receiving Crystal.

It is, indeed,
A pretty pebble, black, tho' of a kind
Rare in the finding. I perceive no change
That doth portend me aught. Is this some trick?
Some damned deception to unmoney me?
To rob me of my gold? Some fetish stone?
Take back thy baggage, Soreceress!

(Casts away Crystal.

Away!

Methought it felt of flame and horrid weight!
Deceivers! Would'st thou rob me? Take my gold?
Begone! Make way! I'll pay no ransom, Ha!
Come, beat old heart, flow sap in these old limbs,
That I may hie me from this brigandage!

(Exit.

CYNTHUS.

O Charity, thou gentler name of Love,
How art thou wanting in the souls of men
Who trade in ships and barter merchandise?
How doth the greed of gain wear down the edge
Of nobler feelings, and destroy the shape,
Of the Divinity about our lives?
Sweet Charity, thou love of man for man,
Thou sexless virtue, that doth like a sun
Outshine all other goodness; how art thou
A wanderer on earth, a homeless Jew?
What is the love of woman but a lust
That is outworn by time and naught can patch,
Lasting no longer than a pretty face,

Binding but clods together ? Charity,
 Hath other aims and lasting purposes,
 Altho' it boast no voice so sweet as love,
 Speaks it a thousand tongues, and can outwear
 The meanest spirit ever housed in earth.

Enter BEGGAR with a child in her arms. At first
 unperceived. Singing.

BEGGAR.

Cold is the wind, and the way,
 Weary and lone ;
 Berries to eat, and for rest,
 Only a stone ;
 Robins sing i' the hedge,
 Flowers grow i' the dust,
 But hearts may break and lips
 Starve for a crust !
 But sing he-ho !
 Flowers may grow,
 Robins may sing,
 Sweetly all Spring,
 And beggars die,
 'Neath the blue sky,
 The world wags well my masters !

CYNTHUS.

Now stands the naked morn upon the heights,
 Pulling the purple drapery of Dawn
 About her shoulders, shaking from her hair
 The drowsy dews of sleep, like some fair maid
 Of Bagdad, or of sunny Samarcand,
 Ascending from her bath, 'mid marble courts,
 Hid in the shade of palms and hanging vines.

MAIDS.

Still doth sorrow,
 Seal our fate ;
 Still our hopes are
 Desolate !

Sorrow, sorrow,
 Want and woe,
 Follow, follow,
 Where we go!
 Where O Nature
 Be thy rest?
 For the weary,
 And oppress'd?
 Where thy lethic
 Draught sublime,
 And thy boasted
 Balm, O Time!

CYNTHUS.

Keep patience still, keep hope a little while,
 E'en now may fortune be upon the ebb,
 Another hour, and then its tide may turn.

BEGGAR.

A wreath of laurel,
 And a sprig of yew;
 These are the gifts Life
 Holdeth to our view;
 We grasp the laurel,
 But we reap the yew.

CYNTHUS.

Who sings so sweetly? Who hath such a voice,
 Melodious with song and sympathy?
 How now good ARIEL?

ARIEL.

Not I forsooth,
 I have no tongue to fit so sad a tune.

CYNTHUS.

Then 'tis a voice of Heav'n, and such as oft
 At morning in the woods, or late of eve,
 Doth mingle with the music of the boughs,
 As tho' within the rough rind of the bark
 Dwelled spirits. It was so of olden time.

BEGGAR.

O Death, thou gentle peace,
 Thou quiet rest;
 Of all the ills of life,
 Art thou still best.

Thy kiss is not so rough,
 As lips that lie;
 Thy coming is not feared
 Like poverty.

Cruel art thou, but love,
 Tho' seeming kind,
 Leaveth more lasting wounds,
 Than Death behind!

Come then, sweet sleep of life,
 Weary my breast
 Grows with the toil of time,
 And I would rest.

CYNTHUS.

Who hath so felt the rub of misery,
 As would untimely lease the narrow house
 Of Death, and banquet worms?

BEGGAR.

Come gentle Peace.....

CYNTHUS.

Who speaketh now?

BEGGAR.

And rest thy rosy cheeks
 Upon this bosom, 'tween their icy hills.

(Coming forward and addressing CYNTHUS.)

Fair Lady, Heaven grant the wakeless sleep
 Of Death, may be as full with pleasant dreams
 As thy sweet countenance with charity.

CYNTHUS.

Confirm it providence! But say what lurks
 Beneath such verbal prodigality?

Such wishes carry weight with such as thee.

BEGGAR.

With such as I ! Thou hast unkindly judged—
 Tho' I be ragged and demeanly gowned,
 The sad and common sign of poverty,
 Yet am I not so poor as is thy tongue
 Of kindly words and charitable deeds.
 'Tis fashion hides the woman ; for the soul
 Alone in Nature's nakedness is fair,
 Or hideous with pride and selfishness,
 Without the robes Virtue, beggarly—
 For know that love and laughter, tears, and truth,
 With charity of thought, and word, and deed,
 Become a woman more than frocks and frills --
 The only fashions that outwear all change
 Of time and circumstance.

CYNTHUS.

Indeed you speak
 Good council friend.

BEGGAR.

It hath a weight of truth,
 Not to be over-scaled by argument.

CYNTHUS.

'Tis a rare balance.

BEGGAR.

Never to be beamed.

CYNTHUS.

But what's thy want ? What would'st thou ; Charity ?

BEGGAR.

If thou hast ought to give.

CYNTHUS.

Indeed 'tis small.

BEGGAR.

That may I hope to judge.

CYNTHUS.

'Tis not of gold,
Nor other idle dross: a paltry gift.

BEGGAR.

As there be foods to feed the appetite,
So there be viands to wear away the edge
Of keener hungers even than the lips.

CYNTHUS.

Dost thou lack food?

BEGGAR.

Aye, have I wanted long,
And still do hunger, but 'tis not for meats.

CYNTHUS.

Thy words are strange, and I no Œdipus
To riddle them aright.

BEGGAR.

Few do, and they
Have bought their wisdom dearly.

CYNTHUS.

What would'st thou?

BEGGAR.

Love!

CYNTHUS.

'Tis a strange want, dearer much than gold.
Thou hast a child; art thou a widow then?
Or what be thy misfortune?

BEGGAR.

I have loved,
There lies my grief.

CYNTHUS.

Some one hath wrong thy faith—
Some Aeneas enamoured of thy looks,
Hath sought thee as the Dido to his lust,
Then fled away to Rome!

BEGGAR.

Mock not my grief.

CYNTHUS.

Nay. I could weep for thee.

Thine is the same sad tale of love and lust,

As did unto the first of womankind.

Who fathered thee? What wretched Adam fell

Before thy tempting?

BEGGAR.

'Twas no mortal man.

His person had the carriage of a god,

His eyes were bright with fires celestial,

His locks sweet scented of ambrosia,

His limbs firm-knit with majesty, and graced

Like Corinthian columns, full and round,

That when he walked, 'twas as Colossus might.

Like Cæsar did he come, and coming, saw

My loveliness, and conquered; and in time

My womb conceived the token of his love;

The fairest, fondest babe that ever breathed,

Making our union perfect. Here, behold,

Our happiness incarnated. This child,

With little clenched hands and babb'ling lips,

Clamorous with infant eloquence,

Sucking the fleshy fountains of his food,

Is dearer far to me a million times,

Than all the delvèd treasures of the earth—

Nay, there is not a wealth that could outweigh

My love, nor any suffering or wrong,

I would not face and fight with, that this life

So precious should live innocent of want,

Tho' mine own hunger should eat out my heart,

And bitter tears be all my nourishment—

For I would grub me in the stoney earth,

Wearing my fingers out to find fit food,

To feed his baby hunger; or would wade,

Or dive into the hollows of sea caves.

For the affection that a mother bears
Towards her off-spring, is more deep than hate,
More fond than life, more lasting than the ebb
And flood of fortune ; and outliveth life :
For Death puts not an ending to her love,
That like a weed grows fairer in the dust.

CYNTHUS.

Thy tale is curious ; but say, Good Dame,
Is thy son not a natural ?

BEGGAR.

What of that ?

Is he then less my flesh, my blood, my own ?
Part of myself, nay, all my better self ?—
The re-existence of my soul again,
Living the chances of a nobler life.
For I do see myself in all his limbs,
And feel myself to suffer in his griefs,
And know the sorrows that afflict his soul,
And joys that move his mirth. When he offends
His Nature, I too, suffer with his wrong,
And when he weeps I weep, laugh when he laughs,
Eat with his hunger, thirst when he may thirst ;
Feel all the rubs and insults of the world,
Hate whom he hates, respect all whom he loves,
And when his race be run, methinks, I too,
Could rest me with him and so say farewell !
What if he were conceived without the bonds
Of Hymen ?—they are but the shackles man
Hath put upon his nature with no end
Supportable with reason ! Must I then,
Love him the less ? Despise him to support
A social custom ? a mere mockery !
For what is there in wedlock so sublime,
That man with fearless arrogance kneels down
Humbly in God's Good House, to ask a grace,
Upon his sensual actions ? Must I, too,
Offend my conscience, and the sacred laws
Of Nature, which despite of human rules,

And prejudices, maketh a kitchen-maid,
The mother of as fair a progeny,
In secret sadness, as the noblest Dame,
Wedded with all the pomp of Church and State.

CYNTHUS.

Here be strange heresies! What tale is this?
What March-mad theories?

BEGGAR.

So may they seem,
Perhaps, to narrow minds and little souls.

CYNTHUS.

Is this then *love*?

BEGGAR.

What wouldst thou call it then?
If it be not the very soul of love,
It is some strange, deceitful fallacy.

CYNTHUS.

Art thou so sure? Pray then to contemplate
This magic crystal, it hath properties,
To solve such problems.

BEGGAR.

Hath it aught of guile
To harm my child?

CYNTHUS.

Nay, have no fear.

BEGGAR.

'Tis well;
Then will I venture. Prophecy ye Gods!

(Takes the Crystal; when immediately her rags fall from about her, a flood of golden sunshine surrounds her person and she steps forth as VENUS! With one hand she holds to her bosom the child CUPID, whilst in the other she displays the magic crystal transformed to the APPLE OF DISCORD.)

Art thou now answered? Spake I not the truth?
Behold the Gods no longer obdurate,
Have heard your supplications, and desire

No further vengeance than to wish you well.
 For your offence forgiven and forgot,
 Your exile ended, and your riddle solved,
 Naught need delay your flight to fairer scenes ;
 For now you know what is the truest love,
 Of all the varied passions that besiege
 The soul of man. 'Tis not the love of life,
 Tho' sweet it be in youth's fresh April-time,
 Nor love of power, nor glory, nor of gold,
 Poor earthly vanities that grow as weeds
 About life's garden, choking out the good—
 Nor is it love of woman, for such love
 Hath origin in lust, however much
 We may persuade ourselves it cannot be.
 The fairest, purest maid that ever lived,
 Will fold herself into a lover's arms,
 And yield her Nature unto his ; and so
 'Tis very well, and keeps the world awag.
 But when she feels within herself the throb
 Of a new life unborn, a secret joy,
 A pious ecstasy doth move her soul,
 Unconsciously, and she doth wake to know
 At last the meaning of immortal love !
 But not alone with her the bliss remains,
 For in the sterner bosom of her lord,
 There stirs, perhaps, a nobler passion still,
 Tho' silent, still more deeply durable,
 That neither hate, ingratitude, nor scorn,
 Nor poverty, misfortune, time nor death,
 Can ever conquer, nay, it can outlast
 Even a mother's love ! A parent sees
 Himself again reflected in his child ;
 His boyhood, manhood, middle age, and oft
 In duplicate his death. However tall,
 And strong the lusty scion of his loins,
 Still is he but a child and to be chid,
 Tho' he could challenge Samson to a fall,
 And put his giant shoulders to the sand !

CYNTHUS.

O Blessed Goddess! By what word or act,
Can we first plead thy pardon and express
Our gratitude?

VENUS.

Let all thy words be chaste,
And all thine actions good, and so, farewell.

(Exit.

MAIDS.

Hail! joyous morn,
And guide our way,
Westward and home,
With golden ray.
Sing, happy lark,
In Heaven's blue;
No bird hath voice,
So sweet as you!
Come, gentle love,
Without thine aid,
Life proves a load,
To each fond maid!

(Exit MAIDS.

ARIEL.

The dew is on the rose,
Sing Ho, sweet rose!
The wind is in the trees,
Sing Ho, green trees!
The buds are on the bough,
Sing Ho, may-boughs;
The world is wide and fair!

(Exit.

CYNTHUS.

Go joyous Spirit to thy loved abodes.
And now upon the pinions of the wind,
Mount I unto the sungates of the morn.
Adieu, Old Earth, God's peace and love be thine,
Patience and Virtue keep thee to the end!

(Exit.

Physical Eros.

Sweet Lyric Lips,
 Now tuneless fall
 Thine accents, which no longer please ;
 And weary all
 My soul, with honied sips,
 Of Sabæan ecstacies !
 For we have dreamed the golden dream of love ;
 Satiated have drunk the garish wine,
 O draught divine !
 Of passion, as of old,
 And perilous, wind-wafted like a dove,
 O'er rough sea miles,
 The Trojan bold,
 Lured by the sound of lyres and Beauty's smiles,
 Steered high his prow on green Hellenic Isles !

 Voluptuous Maid,
 Had I but known the passion and the pain
 Of thy magnetic limbs, whose crimson hue
 Of Cyprian splendour, languidly did chain
 My soul in bonds to burst were idly vain,
 Fate had been less unkind. I did pursue
 My purpose unafraid ;
 Nor dreamed,
 What only seemed,
 The mad, platonic caprice of an hour ;
 By destiny and the revealing touch,

Ithurl of Time, should like a flower,
 Sun-kissed break into love! And yet for such
 Exquisite folly, Roman Antony,
 Despised the World's empire, and lost at sea
 The laurel crown of Cæsar. 'Twas for this;
 His swarthy paramour consumed with fires
 Of languorous affection looks revealed,
 Fled Nilewards all her ships, and with a kiss
 Turned the tide of History, and unscaled
 The fate of Empires!

Who made thee thus,
 Passion's sensuous Queen?
 What Sisyphus
 Of virtue had despoiled thee of that gem,
 Such as had been,
 To Cleopatra or Zenobia;
 A nobler treasure than her diadem?
 Yet have I never doubt,
 But thou wast willing partner to the scheme,
 Of moral spoliation; nay, did dream
 All day awake, and guilty counted out,
 Each fleeting hour
 Of expectation, ere thy swain,
 Alust had lain,
 In Hymen's bower!

Yet even as unrolls,
 The night it lustrous canopy of stars;
 My soul had bent to thine, and burst the bars
 Of interest and self. I could have loved,
 And loving worshipped thee with all my soul's
 Entirety of passion: could have proved
 How nobly capable the heart to bear,
 And nurture faith as loyal as in days
 Primordial. Good deeds are never rare,
 Altho' unsung; nor perfect love. The blaze
 Of kindling Illium that lit the blue
 Ægean deep with mockery of dawn;

Made hideous with shrieks and weapons drawn
 In martial conflict, shouts of men who slew
 For rape and riches, was the awful pyre,
 And Apotheosis of sin! The blind
 Old bard of Salamis, but strung his lyre,
 To praise a prostitute, and deathless wind
 About her life the magic of his muse!
 O God, were it not better far to choose,
 Some simple maiden whose confiding soul,
 Pure as the azure ice of Solar seas;
 Lived innocent of wrong, that love thoughts stole
 The blood into her cheeks like peonies!
 And yet such souls are shallow and soon cloy
 The appetite of love, and Nature must
 Predominate and prompt all human joy;
 For who hath loved that never loved for lust?

Fair fleeting Youth!
 Season of song and sunset-misted hope,
 Ambition, love and laughing fallacy.
 Too soon doth fly,
 Yearwards nearer antiquated age,
 Thine azure wing! Too soon uncouth
 Become thy lips for lyrics. Time doth ope
 The propylon of pleasure; when a sage
 Reasoning rules the tongue;
 Away are flung,
 Lute and laurel, atellan
 Songs and jests, away, the venic bowl;
 And forth the soul,
 Steps in its naked majesty as man!
 But of a paltry nobleness,
 Is the spirit that hath never,
 Laved and languished in the river
 Of deep Carian Salmacis!
 For as fairest flowers flourish,
 Implanted in the roughest soil;
 Blossoms of the spirit nourish,

Most fragrantly in paths where coil,
 In venomous retreat;
 Snaring Love's feet,
 Paphian hydras! Oh awake! awake!
 My soul, nor fearing idly dream;
 But bind thy brows with laurel. Take
 Thy lute and sing. Behold the stream,
 Of Lethe, gurgling with profluent tide,
 From yonder earthen sherd! Hail, ruby wine!
 Deemed once divine,
 In ancient Hellas, Hail!
 Deep drink my soul, nor quail,
 And let the fates abide!

How fair is flesh;
 How frail, how beautiful! How like the blush
 Roseate of dawn upon a full sea tide,
 The glow of youthful limbs, beneath whose fresh
 Round symmetries the crimson rivers rush
 Of adolent vitality. The pride
 Of manhood, is not excellence of mind
 And wisdom only, but majestic strength,
 And sinuous endurance. Arms that could bind
 Thracian steeds, or wrestling cast at length,
 Alcides shoulders to the dust. These are;
 Alas, or should be, attributes of man;
 With gentleness, and courtsey, than can
 Acknowledge virtue. Vain and feebler far,
 The character of woman, and not more
 Symmetrical her limbs, nor beautiful;
 Altho' the poet oft hath gloated o'er,
 Her sensuous person; writ with all the rule
 Of rhetoric and genius, rhapsodies,
 Upon her perfect bosom, throat, and thighs,
 Soft with Lydian languors. Like the bloom,
 Of oderous orchids, are the subtle charms
 Of woman, sweet nepenthes from the gloom
 Of life, they lure the soul to Circe's arms,

And sicken it with surfeits of delight!
 Lust is the strength of woman. Not in might
 Of mind or intellect her power lies
 To rule her broad-browed mate; but in the bright
 Resistless psychic lustre of her eyes,
 And wanton wealth of hair, that round her head,
 Floats like the golden gossamer of woods
 Enchanted, when the autumn sun sets red,
 At even-song; whilst lightly on her lips,
 Dally a thousand frolics; happy moods,
 Sweet nectars, richer far, than chaliced sips
 Olympian Jove. Redolent of tears,
 Light laughs, folly, indolence and scorn;
 Are all the ways of woman. Naught appears
 To her in life worth love. The solitudes
 Of Nature, peaceful valleys, mountain caves,
 The hunting hush of woods, wild headlands shorn
 Of verdure, where the winds and fretful waves
 Of Ocean mingle music with the stars:
 Awake no contemplation in her soul,
 Nor trouble it with dreams, but please her eye,
 And move a childish wonder. Seasons roll
 Their treasures at her feet; the golden cars
 Of Phoebus plunge across the purple sky
 Of dawn, between the closing gates of night;
 But no delight,
 Save sensuous contentment with the scene;
 Evoke they from her lips; but sighs,
 Of languid petulance! Between
 Man's soul and woman's at her best;
 A vaster psychic canyon lies,
 Than yawns o'er Colorado's breast!

Immortal Love, O Perfect Harmony,
 Of soul with soul, (that poets love to sing)
 Where now art thou?
 To what far brow
 Icarian, hast thou taken wing,

Beyond dull Earth? Of old,
 Thou dwelt 'mid the Hellenic Isles,
 Or where the stony image smiles,
 Across the floods of Canopus:
 Or told,
 Tales in the ear of gay Ovidius.
 Say didst thou die,
 With the Egyptian by an aspic's kiss?
 Or gently passed with sainted Beatrice;
 Knelled with a sigh?
 No matter, thou art gone, and gone with thee,
 Demure-eyed Innocence; sweet pensive child
 Of Psyche, and pale Vesta undefiled,
 Guarding her lamps by the Ausonic sea.
 All, all have gone, the lover's lute,
 Is passionless, or idly mute;
 No longer doth he vent his sighs,
 Tuned to auletic symphonies;
 But when from labour's sordid strife,
 Hath gained enough to keep a wife,
 Surveys the features and the grace,
 Of each and ev'ry pretty face,
 Approving this, or that derides,
 Then fixing on his choice decides;
 And she, content with him to live,
 Responds a glad affirmative!
 And this is love! The lauded bliss
 Of pastor and of poet; this,
 Life's promise, and the gilded port,
 That opes on immortality!
 O God, to think that men should die,
 The gladiators in a sport
 So foolish where the meanest knave,
 May pluck the laurels from the brave!

 Away! I will no more of love,
 That loathes the spirit with disgust;
 Take up thy quiver, mount thy dove

Drawn chariot, thou child of lust!
 Go, Go; thy shadow from my soul
 Remove, I am grown tired of thee;
 Some meeker, fonder heart cajole,
 With sighs and wanton revelry!
 But I --my soul hath nobler dreams,
 Than e'er to lewdly lave in streams
 Of Babylon, the lust, the lure
 Of life, what are they? vain impure,
 Realities of Eden lost,
 And lost to man for evermore!
 Oft golden visions of that shore,
 Where bless'd spirits Stygian toss'd,
 Unfold their wings and heavenward sweep,
 Have crossed me in the paths of sleep;
 Have singing, mocked me as they cross'd!
 But still my soul,
 Hopes on with him,
 Who lit a pyre on Patmos that outshone
 The Isle of Egypt, with the dim,
 Abysmal dawn,
 Of fulgent orbs that nightly roll,
 In firmamental solitude!
 However rude,
 The chide of fortune, all the fates above,
 Shall not unfaith me man is good;
 That GOD IS LOVE!

Incognita.

“It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.”

L.E.L.

CHANSON I.

From Hedonia's fountains let me sup,
Surfeit of pleasure, with thy lips for cup.
Rarer than the wines of Crete,
Let me taste those nectars sweet,
Love, that on thy ruby lips,
Like a fragrant night-dew fall;
Who for such Ambrosia,
Would not play the Bacchanal?

When pale orb'd Isis on the starry brow
Of Dusk, hath clouded hung her crescent bow;
Love, I bid the day adieu,
Unto pleasant dreams of you,
When are fled my secret fears,
And forgotten all my sighs;
While I know that sleep again,
Shall restore thee to mine eyes.

CHANSON II.

O how gladly would I gather,
 All the treasures of the deep;
 Pearls from the Ind and jewels;
 Shells and corals in a heap.

Would despoil the night of beauty,
 And each starry diadem,
 For my Lady's queenly forehead—
 I would make a crown of them.

But to know within her bosom,
 There were thoughts that I could share,
 And my sighs of love in silent
 Gladness found an echo there!

CHANSON III.

Undo, undo thy bonnie hair,
 Undo the silken bow;
 That what the golden sunbeams are,
 Love, I may know, may know.

Ope, ope thine eyes that I may see,
 Between their fringed bars,
 The fountains of Melpomene,
 And lustre of the stars.

Pout, pout again those pretty lips,
 Like rosebuds on a stem,
 That I may know what love there is—
 What rapture kissing them.

Sing sing once more thy melodies,
 And tune thy harp awhile;
 That I may know how Circe sang,
 Upon Calypso's Isle.

CHANSON IV.

Why needs the poet to regret,
 The summer roses that have blown?
 The violet by river's brink,
 Or lark to bluer heavens flown?
 The crimson roses of thy lips,
 Are blossoms of a richer hue,
 Than e'er in Eden or the groves
 Of Sadi's garden ever grew!
 Thine azure eyes like violets,
 Hung o'er the fountain of thy tears,
 Are fairer than the floral gems,
 That deck the woods when Spring appears!
 Though Winter hold wild carnival,
 Amid the uplands and the plains;
 Love, in the beauty of thy soul,
 Eternal Spring for ever reigns!

CHANSON V.

I could not love thee,
 Wert thou not so fair;
 Nay, nor kiss,
 Choicest bliss,
 Love, of thy lips so rare;
 Wert thou not so fair.
 Sweet, I could not dwell,
 Fondly all a day;
 Lone with thee,
 Where the bee,
 Thro' garden groves doth play;
 Wert thou not so gay.
 Nature's fairest scenes,
 Joyless would appear;
 Waste and wild.
 Tho' there smiled

Four summers all the year;
Wert thou not so dear.

Love, I could not be,
Half so sad alone;
When thine eyes,
Blue as skies
Athenian, have flown;
Wert thou not mine own!

CHANSON VI.

Love, in meditative hour,
I have dreamed of golden dawn,
Stealing thro' an orchard bow'r,
Where each fair and fragrant flow'r,
Shed a shadow o'er the lawn;
But the pure and pensive soul-light,
Of thy dear eyes downward bent;
Is more brilliant than the breaking
Of the purple orient!

Sweeter than the nightingale,
O'er a twilight Autumn wood,
Is thy voice; it doth prevail
With me when stars peer pale
'Mid the night's deep solitude;
Harmonious and passionate,
Like a lyric of the wind;
Leaving in my soul sad echoes,
Of the long ago behind!

CHANSON VII.

Love, thy voice is like the music
Of the wind in forest trees;
Like the song of skylarks singing,
O'er the hush of Summer seas.

Oft when far from thee I wander,
 Sad at heart I still can hear,
 Echos of thy lips repeating,
 Wordless lyrics in mine ear.

CHANSON VIII.

As the sun doth kiss the lotus,
 Into blossom when at noon,
 Floating on the shallow waters,
 Of an Indian lagoon.

Love, I long to kiss the chalice
 Of thy lips into a smile ;
 Long to fold thee to my bosom,
 Worshipping thine eyes awhile.

CHANSON IX.

Deep within the fragrant bosom
 Of a rose her lips were pressed ;
 " Love " she lonely sighed " of all men,
 " I must ever love thee best."

In the woods an azure blossom,
 Solitary gathered he ;
 " Love of all the world," he murmured,
 " I shall never love but thee."

Withered now the rose and withered,
 Now the maiden's lily hand ;
 Long they loved and loved still longing,
 Strangers ever in the land.

CHANSON X.

How calm, how beautiful, how still,
 Love, all the Earth to-night ;
 The rose leaves fallen in the grass,
 Gleam in the pale moonlight.

But gazing fondly in thine eyes,
 Thine azure eyes I weep ;
 For they in Death's still calmer night,
 Like roses blown must sleep.

CHANSON XI.

Let the Summer bring its roses,
 And its violets the Spring ;
 Mellow Autumn, golden harvests,
 Winter, nights long loitering :
 But without thee what are roses ?
 What if Spring or Winter roll ?
 Love hath planted fairer flowers,
 In the garden of the soul.

CHANSON XII.

When thou asked me if I loved thee,
 And thy lips to mine were pressed,
 And thy lily hands were pleading,
 Lightly folded on my breast.
 Love, I clasped thee to my bosom,
 And when thus in rapture twined—
 Someone laughed out in the garden ;
 Mary had not drawn the blind !

CHANSON XIII.

Love is the light of life,
 Passion the life of love :
 'Tis like an eagle born,
 Tho' it dies as a dove !
 Flowers and pretty things,
 Laughters aloud and gay ;
 Make up its only world—
 Love hath no yesterday !

To-day and the times to be,
 Merry with idle mirth,
 Love only lives for them—
 Seasons of little worth!
 Youth is the Spring of love,
 Beauty becomes its shrine;
 Sighs are its foods and tears
 Rife with desire its wine!
 How foolish all who deem,
 Love an immortal flame;
 For with a sigh 'tis gone,
 As in a breath it came!

CHANSON XIV.

Love, dost thou forget,
 That golden Autumn eve,
 Laughing thou didst leave,
 Coyly a rose dew wet,
 Upon a sill?—
 I have it still,
 Withered but fragrant yet!
 That was long ago;
 Many a rose hath blown;
 Many a year hath flown—
 Weeds in the garden grow;
 And up and down,
 Yellow and brown,
 Leaves in the wind-drifts blow.
 Dreams of yesterday!
 Visions of young blue eyes;
 Lips that have lost their sighs;
 Locks that have turned to gray—
 Joyous and sad,
 Who has not had
 Dreams of the passed away?

CHANSON XV.

My heart a garden bower is,
 With flowers choice and rare ;
 But each oderous bloom shall fade,
 Dear Love without thy care.

Be thou its gentle gardener,
 Sweet Mistress mine I pray ;
 When shall each blossom drooping now,
 Bloom fresh and fair alway.

Within the sunshine of thine eyes,
 Shall they a fragrance yield,
 More sensuous and lasting, Love,
 Than flowers of the field.

For when the Wintertime of life
 Draws near and shadows meet,
 Shall they refresh with memories,
 With old love thoughts smell sweet.

CHANSON XVI.

Love, unto no carven image,
 Hung upon a gilded shrine,
 Would I kneel, whilst I could worship,
 Those dear, azure eyes of thine.

For the faith of my religion,
 In epitome is this—
 God is Love, and Love is Heaven,
 And the Sacrament a kiss.

CHANSON XVII.

Sweet Maiden as the simple moth,
 About a lanthorn flies ;
 I fondly follow from afar,
 The love-light of thine eyes.

Though conscious of their fatal gleam,
 I cannot flee away ;
 Alas, but blindly venturing,
 Draw nearer day by day.
 'Tis foolish ; but I would prefer,
 To perish by their light ;
 Than seek demeanly like a moth,
 Security in flight !

CHANSON XVIII.

How long it seems, Dear Heart, how long,
 Since you and I last met ?
 It seems as tho'
 'Twere years ago,
 Love, years ago, and yet,
 'Tis only five days ; two were dull,
 Two fine, and one was wet !
 I count the melancholy hours,
 While sighs my bosom thrill.
 They seem to creep,
 Like lazy sheep,
 Beyond a moorland hill ;
 Now one beneath the sun-rim drops,
 One more, and one more still.
 Love, sadly, fondly thro' the dusk,
 Thy name I gently cry ;
 While gales again,
 With kind refrain,
 Waft back a faint reply ;
 And in the far off solitude
 Of stars the echoes die.

CHANSON XIX.

Should'st thou ask me where the roses
 Grow in Winter, or the pale
 Lily bloometh ; I should answer,
 In no hidden forest vale.

But between thy lovely bosoms,
 Fairest lilies would I seek ;
 And my lips would kiss the crimson
 Roses, Love, into thy cheek.

CHANSON XX.

Once a sage and serious person,
 Gravely thus accosted me—
 “Can’st thou tell me what is Heaven?
 “Or what Purgatory be?”
 To this sage and serious person,
 Then with ardour I replied :
 “When thou art beloved ’tis Heaven;
 “Purgatory when denied.”

CHANSON XXI.

Ere I kissed those lips of thine,
 Lady Proud, Lady Proud ;
 I would lay these limbs of mine,
 In a shroud, silken shroud.
 So I sang, but at my heart ;
 Lady Proud, Lady Proud ;
 Love was beating with a dart,
 Very loud, Ah, how loud.

CHANSON XXII.

When I saw thee walk with others,
 And on them thy smiles bestow ;
 Then how silently I suffered,
 Loved One, thou shalt never know.
 And I felt when others kissed thee,
 All my soul in sudden crossed,
 With the dark despair of Dives.
 Though in sight of Heaven lost !

CHANSON XXIII.

Say Beloved, hast thou never,
 Drifting on the drowsy river,
 Of forgotten memories ;
 Heard the voices that have spoken :
 Heard and known them by the token,
 Of their music, still unbroken,
 In the distant silences,
 Of the times we used to know—
 Heard the echos of departed
 Laughters, and the broken hearted,
 Sobblings of the tears that started,
 To our eye-lids long ago ?

Ah Beloved, now the weary
 Years are passing, slowly, dreary,
 With the weight of want and woe ;
 And the shadows, gaunt, appalling,
 Of my misery are falling
 O'er me, and the ghosts are calling,
 From the graves for me to go ;
 Loved One, evermore from thee.
 Then, perhaps, some kindly ember
 Of my love, you may remember,
 Though in pity, may remember,
 Then one gentle thought of me !

CHANSON XXIV.

Would'st thou know of whom I sing ?—
 Harken in the Autumn woods,
 To the west winds whispering,
 Through their leafless solitudes.
 Would'st thou know how dark and deep,
 Are the passions that control,
 Love to laughter or to weep ?—
 Thou must have a poet's soul.

To Dalia.

Fair Dalia hangs her head and sighs,
 Whilst melancholy fills her eyes,
 O Maiden, wherefore thus repine ;
 Permit those glorious orbs to shine,
 Nor tear-bedimmed, but laughter-lit,
 With unpremeditated wit !
 Soil not the beauty of thy cheek
 With sadness—let those cherries speak,
 Sweet nonsense of love-happiness,
 Or court the homage of caress !
 The nectar that god Zeus sips,
 With the rare vintage of thy lips,
 Cannot compare ; like cheapest ale,
 With wine from the Falernian vale.
 Rejoice ! leave sorrow, frowns and tears,
 Fair Dalia, for the after years,
 When beauty, youth, and love have flown,
 And time hath marked thee for his own.
 What ! Pensive still ? And still owl-eyed ?
 Why rudely fling thy locks aside ?
 Why frown so darkly ? Why upbraid ?
 Why storm and toss thy pretty head ?
 Was there offence in what I said ?

You long not for angelic grace,
 You weep not for a lovely face,
 You wish not for a pair of eyes,
 Like azure depths of summer skies ;
 Nor raven locks like once did flow
 Around Cassandra's classic brow ;
 Nor fairy tread, nor form divine—

For these, these varied gifts are thine,
 But sad and peevishly bemoan,
 Accomplishments you do not own,
 And quaintly tell me to my face,
 With pouting lips and sweet grimace,
 That when Dame Fortune knew you born,
 And raised her cornucopian horn,
 Around her envious gifts to pour,
 You must have slipped—behind the door!

How quaint! But do not thus distress
 Your mind o'er gifts you don't possess.
 You have a jewel rich and rare,
 Secluded from the vulgar stare,
 That none may see though all may guess,
 The Nature of its loveliness!
 'Tis neither diamond nor stone,
 Precious prized from Chalcedon;
 Nor pearl from the Indian seas,
 Where tides roll round the Celebes;
 Nor golden bright, nor argentine,
 Nor treasure dug from gloomy mine.
 More rare than these! More richly rare,
 Than lyric numbers can declare,
 Which should misfortune e'er decree
 Its licentious robbery;
 Nor wealth could it again restore,
 Once gone, 'tis gone for ever more!
 Yet, silly Dalia, though you own
 This treasure, still you idly groan,
 Disconsolate and heavy-eyed,
 The want of lesser gifts denied!
 Be comforted, and when the time
 Nubile arrives, with merry chime
 Of marriage bells, you'll know what joy,
 There is in giving from alloy,
 Thy treasure with a sweet delight,
 To Hymen on thy bridal night!

Incognita.

Love, let me own my worship. Tho' I know
 Thee not, nor name, nor dwelling, yet have loved
 Fondly for years thine eyes : thy lips that glow
 Demurely sweet with roses, such as moved
 The soul of Sa'di summers long ago—
 And oft have longed to fondle and to kiss
 Thy hair—thy brown, soft tresses—that bestow
 A halo to thy head ; a golden bliss,
 Such as surrounds illuminate the brow
 Of Mary and of Dante's Beatrice.

Beloved, let me render unto thee
 My homage, for thy beauty is my queen ;
 My soul thy subject, and its fealty
 Love ! It were vain to argue men have seen
 Never such grace as thine, for there may be
 Fair faces, nay, far fairer Love, than thine,
 And limbs, (forgive my gentle heresy !)
 But out of ken like far off suns they shine
 Unknown, whilst thou art Cynthia to me,
 Full orb'd with love and radiance divine !

Fair fragrant morn, how welcome is that hour,
 Whither in sun or shower custom leads
 Mine eager feet to meet the fairest flower
 Of womanhood to me ! My bosom feeds
 On hopes (Alas, how oft the fruit is sour !)

For but one little while to see her face,
 That like the sunshine in a garden bower,
 Fills all my soul with happiness; no trace
 Of wrong is there, for virtue is her dower,
 Nor art, nor guile her beauty dares debase.

Her forehead, like the lily, pure and white,
 Peeps 'neath the rich brown burden of her hair;
 Her features unlike classic Aphrodite,
 Are sweetly meditative, whilst a rare
 Hellenic tinge of olive, (such as might
 Have boasted Helen,) glows upon her cheek;
 And aquiline her nose, an angle quite
 Artistically beautiful; and meek
 Her countenance in all, and kindly bright—
 A face that poets love and sculptors seek.

Dear lovely face, immaculately sweet!
 No garish beauty thine, no foolish glare
 Of red and white, as though the torrid heat
 Of summer strove to conquer and to share
 The frosts of Winter. Love and virtue meet,
 Like sportive cupids, rivals in thine eyes,
 And gambol all the day. Thou virgin seat
 Of innocence, dear lips, no lep'rous sighs
 Of lust disturb thee; heavenly retreat,
 Of gentle sounds and sweets of Paradise!

Alas, that all my raptures are in vain,
 And all my worship fruitless! Tho' I know
 Thou art not ignorant of all my pain;
 The fervent looks languorous orbs bestow,
 Speak more than words; and thou hast guessed again
 My passion, and I too, with beating heart,
 Have watched upon thy brow the crimson stain,
 Betraying more than lips would dare impart;
 Yet sinks my soul like some proud eagle slain,
 On Alpine summit by malicious dart!

But why repine? To suffer and to sigh
 For love forlorn, for happiness forbid—
 Surely is vain? The wildest wintry sky,
 That's ominous with tempests that have hid
 Awhile the sun, must pass away and fly
 To other Isles, to some remoter strand;
 So sorrows flee, and love's delusions die,
 Lost like a tide in time's eternal sand;
 Whilst life's dull lute a sweeter harmony,
 Awakes when played by Hope's arousing hand.

Shell Sounds.

I have a shell, a lovely shell,
 Fished from the silver sea,
 And oft within its hollow cell,
 Methinks I hear the solemn swell
 Of Ocean's harmony:
 Of winds that leap
 The sands and sweep
 Along the curling seas,
 And screaming gulls,
 About the hulls
 Of foundered argosies.
 And listening I have heard the bell
 Of beacons tolling dread,
 And caught within its curved cell,
 Sad echoes of the fear that fell
 On voices that are dead.

Re-cant.

The last song is not sung, the last prayer is not said,
The last babe is not born, the last man is not dead.

The sun ascends each day unto his golden throne,
As brightly as when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon.

Full blithly sing the birds in garden, hedge, and bough,
As when Lucius left for war his ox and plough.

And maidens are to-day as good and pure as when
Poor Virginia died by lustful, wicked men.

Many a mother, too, her little household rules
Proudly as she who said, "Behold these are my jewels."

And there are men as brave, as noble, and as strong,
Living as him who held the bridge a whole day long.

And there are men as wise as Cicero to-day,
Although they may not know just how to say their say.

And there are bards as fine as Catullus, altho'
The sons of Zolios protest it is not so.

But volumes could be writ on this momentous theme,
To prove and inculcate how foolish it doth seem,

To praise the ancient dead and scorn the living great,
As though the hand of God had grown enervate.

All ye who would despair take this to heart I pray,
That after Bombastus came Michael Farraday.

And after Cimabue, and Claude Lorraine, and so
After Brunelleschi came Michael Angelo.

And after Amphion, and other Greeks whose fame
Is mostly mythical, great Pagganini came.

And after Hannibal and Richard Lion Heart,
Came like old Camulus, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Long did the calm bright moon of Plato fill the night,
Of Wisdom, till the sun of Bacon brought the light.

And long Copernicus with others toiled to know
What Newton taught and proved, the fons et origo.

And blind old Homer sang grandly on Illium's steep,
And Virgil rolled his song o'er wild Ausonia's deep.

Dante's parian muse wrote books on devilry,
And Tasso vaunted forth the deeds of chivalry.

And gentle Chaucer like a nightingale in song,
Made richer music far than all the Classic throng.

Yet after all these great and mighty bards, came one
Who oversang them all like skylark near the sun.

Shakespeare! a name to love, to honour and revere,
High on Olympus' brow reigneth without compeer.

Great God-lips! thou art not of Nation, Race, nor Clime,
Thy heritage is Earth, thine audience is Time.

But now my argument I own *seems* beaten flat,
So Sir, with a good grace, I will replace my hat.

But still remember this, that Virtue cannot die,
That God is good and lives yet somewhere in the sky.

And that each day are born good men as well as bad,
Great men as wise and true as ancient Rome e'er had.

And that the times are good whatever they may be,
And that they shall be so throughout Eternity!

Violets.

Violets ! Sweet violets !

How does your perfume tell,
Of laughing eyes and lovely lips,
Whose languid accents swell,
Voluptuous as summer winds,
Along a moorland dell ?

Violets ! sweet violets !

How like my lady's eyes
Your deep deep blue ?—I gaze in you
And ask a thousand "Whys"—
But you are mute, sweet violets,
And answer not my sighs.

Violets ! sweet violets !

How once the woodland breeze,
Was fragrant with thy loveliness,
That lured the homing bees ?—
How sadly you recall again,
Forgotten memories !

Violets ! sweet violets !

Thy blooms shall fade and fold
Their withered leaves in purple heaps,
Thy scent grow faint and old—
So shall some day the eyes I love,
Become unkind and cold !

The Honest Squire.

A Ballad.

I am unworthy of thy love,
 Sweet Maid, for wealth I've none;
 Nor any goodly thing to call
 Mine own beneath the sun.

O say not so my own Good Squire,
 I pray thee say not so;
 For since my heart hath chosen thee,
 Thou art full rich I trow.

I have no lordly manor lodge,
 Built in a fair countrie;
 Nor can I boast a parentage,
 Noble of pedigree.

O say not so my own Good Squire,
 O say not so I pray;
 For since my heart hath chosen thee,
 I'll love but thee alway.

O Lady Fair, I love thee more,
 Than honour, more than life;
 But I am but a humble Squire,
 And may not call thee wife.

O say not so my own Good Squire,
 I pray thee say not so;
 For since my heart hath chosen thee,
 My hand I too bestow.

To-night I'll saddle my brave steed,
 And when the moon is full,
 Fair Lady, dar'st thou meet with me,
 Beside the sedgy pool?

O say not so my own Good Squire,
 O say not so I pray,
 For since my heart hath chosen thee,
 No fears shall bid me stay.

But think, Fair Lady, of thy sire,
 A Baron bold is he;
 And dread his wrath to know his child,
 Wed Squire of low degree.

O say not so my own Good Squire,
 I pray thee say not so;
 For since my heart hath chosen thee,
 Good faith, with thee I'll go.

Then know, Fair Lady, brave and kind,
 I am not what I may—
 O say not so my own Good Squire,
 O say not so I pray!

Indeed, I am no humble Squire,
 But Lord Guy Rondevaux!—
 Then since my heart hath chosen thee,
 A-wedding will we go!

Love Must Die.

(To E. D.)

At quiet eve the sun must rest,
 The fallen roses lie ;
 The skylark hush his melody,
 And love must die.

When tides are fullest comes the ebb,
 The restless waves retreat ;
 The sunbeams fade upon the dial,
 When shadows meet.

Spring, Summer and the Autumn fall,
 When Winter silently
 Steals thro' the woodland solitudes—
 And love must die.

Fond hearts by firmest friendships knit,
 Like raindrops thro' the wind,
 Have meeting coldly passed and left,
 Regrets behind.

Lips laughter loud with idle jests,
 Grow grave with sudden fears ;
 Bright eyes alive with love must weep,
 With care and years.

And bosoms that have loved too well,
 Can prove how life is vain ;
 That having parted never meet,
 Nor love again.

O God! can nothing last?—our lives,
 To time, seem but a sigh;
 Bright bubbles in the sun that burst—
 And love must die.

Aye, Love must die, and hate forget,
 Poor pride lie in the dust;
 And all things terminate with Time,
 For all things must!

Then let no boasting epitaph,
 Record where thou may'st lie;
 But simply this: "All things must end,
 And Love must die!"

A Lyric.

Hidden in a garden bower,
 Fragrant with the gillyflower,
 Hollyhocks and columbine:
 Where convolvuluses twine,
 Tenderly their climbing stems,
 Crowned with crimson diadems,
 And dwells dreamily the bee,
 Hid in floral nunnery,
 Sucking surfeit of delight,
 From the roses red and white,
 Whilst the idle butterfly,
 Winging wearily goes by,
 On the summer-scented gale,

To the orchard in the vale,
 Where the lark with lyric tongue,
 High in cloudy vault is hung,
 Waking echoes in the wood's
 Deep unbroken solitudes ;
 Where cool crystal fountains leap—
 There alone my love doth sleep.

Where the buttercups, Alas,
 Grow amid the tangled grass,
 And the meadow worts and weeds,
 Over-run the path that leads
 To the lych-gate in the lane --
 Where the breezes pause again
 'Neath the ridges of the Down,
 Where the lichens green and brown,
 Cling and climb amid the tombs,
 And the early crocus blooms,
 And the cypress shades are deep—
 There alone my Love doth sleep.

To Lesbia.

My lovely Lesbia hath slain,
 Playfully an insect dumb,
 Crushed upon the window-pane,
 Pertly with her pretty thumb.
 Lightly laughed she when I chid her,
 Wanton, wanton little maid ;
 Kissed me when I had forbid her,
 Nor her cruel impulse stay'd.
 Thus my loving heart she'll squander,
 When of it she hath grown vain,
 Laugh with them she loveth fonder,
 When by Cupid it is slain !

A Ballad.

On the death of Hugh de Spencer and King Richard's attempted
escape from the town of Bristow.

Froissart, Book I, Ch. xii.

“Sail me the ship good mariner,
Away from the Severn shore,
For fain would I see the keep-gate,
Of good Bristow town no more.”

“There are many brave knights I ween,
Up yonder behind the hill,
Clad cap-a-pie and ready all,
To do me most grievous ill.”

“But yester morn, but yester morn,
But yester morn did I see,
Brave Hugh de Spencer gibbited,
And quartered before mine e’e.”

“Out there did ride from Bristow town,
Queen Isabel and Sir John,
Sir Michael de Ligne, Sir Percival,
And Sir Henry of Antioing.”

“A goodly route of Hollanders,
And men from our own countrie,
All well armed and mickle of might—
Ah, mariner, woe is me!”

“ And they did condemn Sir Hugh to die,
 On Saint Denis was the day ;
 When they had drawn they hanged him up,
 Then did cut his head away.”

“ Alas, it was a sad, sad sight,
 That I did sore weep to see ;
 And cursed the hand that did do the deed,
 By the Holy Trinitie.”

“ How blows the wind good mariner,
 How blows now the wind I pray ?
 Sail me the ship to Madoc's land,
 And golden crowns shall I pay.”

“ Let go ! Let go ! I say let go !
 Catiff ! what aileth thy hand ?
 Our ship sails not a good pike length,
 By my fay ! from yon headland !”

“ Then up there spake a brave sailor,
 And “ Alas, Beau Sire,” quoth he,
 “ From Bristow town I do spy a ship
 That swiftly saileth the sea !”

“ Ah, woe is me,” King Richard cried,
 And now I do see her well,
 God keep our souls from ill this day,
 Our bodies from Isabel !”

A Mistress to her Lover.

O tell me not that I am fair,
 And that my lips are red,
 And that mine eyes like planets are,
 That palely shed,
 Their shadows on the sea at eve,
 When day is dead !

O fondle not my long brown hair,
 Nor falsely, sweetly sigh,
 Its loveliness outrivaleth,
 The golden rye,
 At Autumn when the sun doth on
 The meadows lie !

Praise not my sensual symmetry,
 Nor on each charm bestow,
 Thy loved caresses, for alas,
 With time they'll grow,
 From youth's midsummer heat, to life's
 November snow.

Hark not too fondly to my lips,
 However kind they be,
 For they have passion-tones as deep,
 And wildly free,
 As wintry tempests that foam-fleck,
 A mid-night sea !

Think not that I am ever glad,
 And ever good and fair—
 'Twere cruel kindness ! Who is free
 Of faults and care ?
 And woman is at best a white
 Shut sepulchre !

But love me only for myself,
 Dear Heart, would I implore,
 That when the lust of youth hath fled,
 Old age before,
 So shalt thou love me then, as now,
 And evermore!

Dreamland.

'Tis a quiet Land where no human hand
 Ever toiled, nor a foot e'er trod;
 Where a pathway leads on the left to Earth,
 On the right to the throne of God.

'Tis there that the sad grow younger and glad;
 Dull Time hath no task to keep;
 And silence reigns o'er the desolate plains,
 To the shores of a tideless deep.

The shadow of Death and the wintry breath
 Of poverty giveth no pain;
 But a vision cheers of forgotten years,
 And the long ago lives again.

Low down in the west doth a red sun rest,
 On the brow of a purple hill;
 And the east is bright with the silvern light
 Of a moon that is ever still.

And by day or night they ne'er sink from sight,
 Nor their sentinel watches leave,
 But await the night that shall have no dawn,
 And the day that shall have no eve!

Regret.

Who hath not had in gloomy hour,
 Thoughts of a far and fairer scene?
 Who hath not mourned in secret bower,
 The long ago—the might have been?
 The opportunities of life :
 The golden fruits of fortune lost :
 The good ungathered of the strife :
 The Rubicon 'twas never crossed ?
 Deeds left undone, the evil wrought,
 Through foolish acts of pride and hate ?
 That cannot be by time forgot ;
 Making our lives disconsolate !
 Who hath not loved but loved in vain ?
 Who hath not felt the anguish keen,
 Of parting ne'er to meet again ?
 And mourned too late, the might have been ?
 What doth avail in after years,
 The penitence of thoughtless woe,
 That grieved and moved our parents tears,
 Who loved us in the long ago ?
 Dust are their lips that fondly kissed,
 Whilst chiding us in days of yore ;
 Beloved lips ! How sadly missed !
 How mute their music evermore !
 O for to feel them once again,
 In kindly parent blessing pressed
 Unto our own ! Alas, 'tis vain !
 But Heaven wills it for the best.
 When time outruns our sands at last,
 And life draws near its solemn scene ;
 What dreams shall haunt us of the past,
 And mock us with the might have been ?

To Aspasia.

I love thee as the vandal bee,
Loveth the fragrant rose ;
Hid in its golden cupola,
Rocked by each wind that blows.

I love thee as the ruthless tide,
Loveth the summer land ;
When idly fondling at the flood,
Along the wind-blown sand !

I love thee as the woodland wind,
Loveth the meadow streams ;
To fold thee in a fond embrace,
And kiss away thy dreams !

O I love thee, yes, I love thee,
For pleasure's gift so sweet ;
When the bosom beats with bosom,
And lips with rapture meet !

O I love thee, and I languish,
To hang upon thy lips,
Till the lower rim of Isis,
In the purple morn dips.

Nay, Fairest don't upbraid me ! That
I'm Moechus I deny ;
For though I love thee through an hour,
I would not thou should'st die !

A Carol.

Christmas Eve; Christ's Eve!
Come little children sing;
Round the red berry bough,
Dance in a fairy ring.

Christmas Morn; Christ's Morn!
Come little children sing;
With rosy lips chant sweet,
A lyric offering.

Christmas Day; Christ's Day!
Come little children sing;
And to the Father's throne,
Love's holy garland bring.

Christmas Night; Christ's Night!
Come little children sing;
Rest well for thy soul's sleep,
Hath bright awakening!

A Song.

When again the daffodils,
Blossom by the meadow rills,
And the violets shall peep,
Gaily through the dingles deep,
Scenting with their breath the air—
Love shall have a dwelling there.

When a pretty maid shall mourn,
 Never o'er a gown that's torn,
 But sings sadly all the day,
 Some old fashioned roundelay,
 And her soul seems full of care—
 Love hath found a dwelling there.

Where the clinging mosses creep,
 O'er each narrow earthen heap,
 Where the owlet shakes his plume,
 Circling through the dewy gloom,
 Shrieking up the belfry stair—
 Love's last dwelling place is there.

To Eleanor.

Gray bearded gatherer of hours, O Time!
 Give back but one of thy exhaustless hand:
 Take if thou wilt in usury the sand
 Unfallen yet of life's Autumnal prime;
 Take if it glut thee what of the sublime
 Care still hath left: but once again to stand,
 High on that ocean headland gently fanned
 By summer winds made sweet with scent of thyme,
 Hearing below faint murmurs of the deep,
 Along the shingled coves, and turning see
 Again thine eyes soul-gazing into mine.
 Hast thou forgot? or say doth sorrow keep,
 Still unforgotten memories of me,
 And that one hour that passion made divine?

To Shakespeare.

Far have I sought an echo of that voice,
 That sang of Arden, and the sunny hills
 Of Italy. Beside grey Autumn rills,
 Singing through sedges : in the leafy noise
 Of woods : In pleasant pastures where the choice
 Of Spring's fair flora, pendant daffodils,
 Flaunted the winds : whilst the impassioned trills
 Of larks, made all the listening groves rejoice.
 Echoes there were, but O how faint to those,
 Caught in the cries of poverty and fear,
 Wrung from the wretched and the lips of mirth.
 Whilst in a woman's sigh—like some sweet rose
 Crushed in the vice of sin—I seemed to hear,
 Thy spirit like a tempest sweep the Earth.

To my Books.

Not all the wealth of Mexico and Ind,
 The treasures of the Deep ; the golden sands
 Of Pactolus ! nor those romantic lands
 East of the Indus ; nor Potosi thinn'd
 By proud Pizzaro—Eldorados sinn'd
 And sought for with the blood of Cataians—
 Not all the toiling camel caravans,
 Rich-ladened with the spice that scents the wind
 Of Araby, and Ivory and gems :
 Could purchase thee dear dusty sepulchres
 Of genius ! With thy rare Olympic gold,
 How poor the sordid wealth of diadems !
 How mean the Monarch robed in minivers.
 Seen with thy sires in attics ragg'd and cold !

The Toiler.

O say not all is vain ! However dark
The night there breaks a morn of sun and shine :
Though thou art weary, Brother, patience keep,
And rest is thine.

A little while, keep heart a little while ;
For life is not so long as it may seem ;
Morn and the afternoon and the eve to toil,
Then night to dream.

Patience ! There is afar a sunset shore,
A welcome haven for thy weary breast ;
Deep through the solitudes of time there speak
Voices of rest.

Patience ! I see the sweat drops gather full,
Slowly and down thy heated temples roam ;
But Hark ! Afar are joyous angel tongues,
Calling thee home.

Brother be cheerful, bear thy burden well,
Laugh through thy tears and through thy sorrows smile ;
And those who vex thee, bravely bear with them
Life's little while.

For they shall love thee for thy strong good self ;
And though the great world's ways be rough and rude,
Keep brave thy heart, be patient, and be sure
'Tis very good.

Thou hast thy trials and sorrows, so have all,
 Troubles are but the temple stones that we
 Build our soul-Babels up to God and for
 Eternity.

Build then, my Brother, thy soul's sepulchre,
 Nobly and well that when death seals the door,
 Thy God shall find it good to dwell therein,
 For evermore.

Jack Carkeek.

Wrestler.

Thou perfect athlete, leather-lunged, limb-knit
 Herculean in that god-like form divine
 Worshipped in ancient Hellas. Thou dost shine
 Canicula of wrestlers, and doth sit,
 Like Jove in silent might, caring no whit
 Of spite, for thou could'st with those limbs of thine,
 That Science make unconquerable, twine
 All others to the dust—as him who lit
 On Lemnos cast by Jove's enangered hand.
 What if the pen of prejudice indite
 Vain boasts, the foolish populace to please?
 Stripped for the strife true sportsmen see thee stand,
 No burly Turk, no foreign Muscovite,
 But Briton born beyond Atlantic seas.

TO M. R.

What nobler gift hath Nature than a friend?
 What dearer tie can human souls unite,
 Than love that is not lust? The tame delight
 Of lips, however sweet, or fair, must end
 With surfeit, and the pleasures that attend
 Obsequious on sex, must with the flight
 Of winters wane and perish. But the bright
 Apocalypse of faith and fervour kenned,
 Through thought and soul with soul in sympathy,
 Outlasts all time. Such love, such faith as ours,
 Nor word, nor deed, nor all the caustic gloom
 Of grief can schism. Like happy Hadjis we
 Together wend through life's rough roads and bow'rs,
 A pilgrimage whose Mecca is the tomb.

Goldsmith's Grave.

Here Goldsmith lies, within no gorgeous shrine,
 Set amid cypress on a windy hill,
 O'er looking shire on shire. But 'mid the thrill
 And throb of life and labour; where the shine
 Of sunset seldom falls, and the divine
 Tranquility of dawn, is by the shrill
 Shouts of men disquieted. Nature still,
 Asserteth sway! for here commingling twine,
 Shadows of sheering walls with leafy shades.
 Thus sepulchred I too desire to sleep,
 When Death shall hush my lips; near the facades
 Of commerce, near the turmoil and the deep
 Pulsation of the World; not amid glades
 Obscurely tombed, nor upon craggy steep.

England.

England, thy stalwart sons are still the same,
 Unchanged since on the fields of Agincourt
 And Spain, they taught the wond'ring Nations war,
 And conquered ! But 'tis not in arms thy fame
 Alone abideth. Where-so-e'er thy name
 Is native, there is freedom ; on what shore
 Thy subjects settle, peace. Thou casteth o'er
 The Earth a mantle, not of sin and shame,
 Like Rome, and bloody conquest, but of Love.
 Thy destiny is infinite ; thy might
 Beloved Land, supreme ; and shall remain ;
 Whilst Justice rules thy people, and above
 All fears they fear but God. Earth such a sight,
 Of noble Empire shall not see again !

To Someone.

As old Ægeus with sea-peering eyes,
 And hoary locks out-flowing in the gale,
 Watched from the cliffs of Attica, the sail
 Of Theseus returning ; so with sighs,
 That tremulous with joy and passion rise
 Unbidden to my lips, I mutely hail,
 Each morn, thy presence, welcoming thy pale,
 Sweet countenance with wordless ecstasies !
 How well I know thy step, how well I know,
 Thy stately bearing and thy modest mein ;
 But better still, how well I know thy smile,
 That all my soul with passion sets aglow,
 As could no draught of fabled Hippocrene,
 Or nectar from Alcina's ocean Isle,

A Prayer.

O let me gaze upon the World full-eyed
 And unabashed by shame of what is there.
 The pomp of pride, the poverty of prayer
 And thought; the tragedies of those who died
 Denude of Love, and those who love denied;
 The lusts of life; the gathering and care
 Of wealth and fame; the glamour and the glare
 Of sin; the lips that laughed o'er hearts that sighed
 And broke. Ah, though I see all this and more;
 Keep contrite still my heart, O God, and ope
 Mine eyes to see beneath it all a core
 Of goodness; nor allow my hands to grope
 For Thee in selfish search, but I implore,
 Helpful to succour those forlorn of hope.

Courage.

Courage: said they, and then one whispered low;
 Bravely the foremost of the fighting line,
 Fell he a Spartan with that leonine
 Majesty of manhood both friend and foe
 Applaud heroic; Now with grief and slow
 Solemnity of step and chant divine,
 Worthy a fallen hero they consign
 Him to his marble sepulchre below—
 But there stood one beside the open earth,
 Weary, and pale, and weeping, but more brave,
 Than all the dead of battles! Children three,
 Orphans she toiled for with assuming mirth,
 To make seem more the little all she gave,
 Fighting a great sad soul's Thermopylae!

Heinrich Heine.

Thou cynic, scoffing, mighty god-lipped son
 Of the Pierides, whose vagrant lyre,
 Tuned with the ancient, and Hellenic fire
 Of genius, wildly, rapturously rung,
 With harmony of numbers. Not such wit
 Had Magnus, nor pathetic touch divine,
 Old Sophocles, great Heine, as was thine,
 Nor lyric sweetness Arion, and yet,
 There is a ring of hollowness, a want
 Of body in thine utterings ; at core
 A rottenness ; a fervour that is cold,
 A saltiness in thy Helliconian fount,
 A swindle, like poor Torrigiano's store
 Of farthings when we look for wealth of gold !

Man's Soul.

How vast and yet how little is this earth !
 How vast to mortal ken and yet how small
 In planetary magnitude ! Men all
 Take on an immortality at birth
 That shall out-live the stars. The child whose mirth,
 Leaps to behold and dally with the fall
 Of sand-broke ocean waters, whose glad call
 Of idle happiness the winds make dearth,
 And silent—holds within its tiny soul,
 A boundless deep of feeling with whose tide
 The floods of earth are but a shallow sea :
 Whose winds (his breath) can psychic thunders roll,
 Beyond the gulfs that Time and Death divide,
 And speak with God across Eternity.

To Her.

Robed in the royal purples of a queen,
 Dominioned over Empires, or the proud,
 Possessor of a wealth that might have been,
 An envy unto Midas ; thus endowed,
 Beloved, thou hadst been no more to me !
 I do not ask that thou should'st wear a crown ;
 Nor garner gold, nor be more fair to see,
 Than was Cytherea ; or her whose brown
 Attractions ruined Cæsar. All I ask,
 Is that thy Nature be as nude of guile,
 As fair thy face, and that thy love be true ;
 When if our wills should meet 'twill be no task,
 To kiss away rough moods, forgive, and smile,
 Finding in each a nobler love and new.

War.

Yea ! It is well with reason we should fight,
 Slaying and being slain ! who hath no pride,
 Soul-strength, defence, nor courage, hath beside
 No honour, having wise small sense of right,
 Lest would he guard it ! God hath given might,
 Wisely into our keeping—doth confide
 That we shall use it justly. Oft doth hide,
 Good beneath seeming evil, e'en as night,
 Precedes the gladsome morn. Of mortal things,
 What lives there nobler than a noble man ?
 Brave in his strength, soul-meek and humbly wise,
 Fearless of death that when the challenge rings,
 Champions Faith and fighteth all he can,
 Victorious, or like a Viking dies !

A Memory.

Thy beauty with the love-light of thine eyes,
 The savour of thy lips, lives with me still;
 Like some pale moon-mist round a meadow hill,
 Lingering when the morning's in the skies.
 Or like the wand'ring tone that wakes and dies,
 Amid the wires when the musician's skill,
 Hath ceased soul-animating chords to thrill,
 With crashing sounds or gentler ecstasies,
 Oft in the calm of slumbers have I thought,
 Thy voice hath called to me across the years,
 Out of the darkness, Dearest, till it seemed,
 That thou wert standing near me, and I sought
 Only to touch thy hands, then waked with tears,
 Murmuring sadly weary, "I have dreamed."

Dreams.

To-day my soul had dreams of yesterday,
 So fond, so fair, so deep, it seemed as though
 Time had outrun his sands, and there did grow
 A gulf 'tween noon and noon. Each golden ray
 Of sun did seem a year, and the fresh May
 Morn was bleak as Wintertime. For to know
 That we do love in virtue, is to sow
 A harvest unto God. Where do I stray
 Love, that thine image ever like a star,
 Doth fail to guide me on? So may it guide,
 My spirit through the years, content and blest
 Supremely with thy presence. Near or far,
 No fate shall wear it less until Life's tide
 Ebb with its sun at evening to the west.

May.

How beautiful the mellow month of May !
 When lanes are sweet with hawthorn, and the boughs,
 Heavy with wealth of blossom. Gently blows,
 The wind amid the hollows, where decay
 Leaves of last Autumn. Blythe from spray to spray
 Flitteth the song thrush tuneful as he goes,
 With noisy note. Between the meadows flows.
 The rippling rivulet upon its way,
 Broad'ning to Ocean. Now the fields and woods,
 Become new clothed with verdure. O'er the hill,
 The ploughman drives his furrow; and is heard
 The cuckoo 'mid the upland solitudes,
 Whose uncouth music on the ear doth thrill,
 Like lyric numbers from an ancient sherd.

To Elizabeth.

Love's dream hath past and I awake,
 As from a long and troubled sleep;
 Yet there are memories that make,
 A love-light round me as I weep;
 And time-forgotten pleasures leap,
 (Like meteors beside the moon.)
 And thoughts remembered o'er me creep,
 Like snatches of an old love tune!

I loved thee not as others love,
 For thy fair form and face and eyes,
 Tho' beautiful, yet Time shall prove,
 They are but youth-long vanities;
 And you? with whispered vows and sighs,
 Protested fondly: "All thine own"—
 And I?—I dreamed of Paradise,
 And dreaming waked—and was alone!

As one who puts his trust in ships,
 His merchandise and costly bales;
 So I believed thy fair, false lips,
 Soft as India summer gales;
 And all the faith my soul avails,
 And wealth, I sacrificed to thee;
 How vainly! Like a ship that sails,
 And comes not homeward from the sea!

Hast thou for memory no tear?
 Or is the past for ever dead?
 Forgotten as the leaves grow sere,
 And sunken in the river's bed
 At Autumn, when no more they shed
 Their welcome shades along the lea—
 Hast thou forgot the heart that bled,
 And broke, yet ever worships thee?

Hast thou forgot those glad, glad hours,
 We wandered by the meadow side?
 Or where the great, white water flowers,
 Wind-kissed rocked idly on the tide?
 Or where the woodland hills divide,
 Into a sweet, secluded grot,
 Oft mused we till the day had died,—
 Hast thou forgot? Hast thou forgot?

When morning wakens from the deep,
 And crimsons with its mellow light,
 Thy lattice where the roses peep,
 In fragrant clusters red and white;
 When gaily in full throated flight,
 The lark ascends beyond the hill—
 Does all the scene not wake one bright
 Fond thought of him who loves thee still?

Alas, that I should ask of thee,
 A memory of love, or crave,
 One kindly thought in charity,
 Demeanly as I were a slave!
 When gladly, lavishly I gave
 One-time all that I had to give;
 Still praying that alone for thee,
 Kind Heaven would allow me live!

I could not wish thee ill, altho'
 My love hath now to loathing turn'd,
 The more I think the more I grow
 Impassionate;—until hath burn'd
 My soul with hate!—I could have spurn'd
 Thee starving from beside my door:
 What milder justice hast thou earned?
 But love is love for evermore!

Alas, that passion should control,
 And cruel envy lead astray,
 The better feelings of the soul,
 And chase the lines of mirth away!
 For mortal life is but a day,
 That passes with its cloud and shine,
 Soul-suns that set in peace betray
 Presages of a dawn divine!

'Tis nobler far to suffer wrong,
 Than seek in enmity address ;
 And to forgive than hate prolong,
 With deeds and words of wilfulness !
 With patience evils grow the less,
 Time conquers even jealousy—
 Then shall I manfully suppress
 The past and think no wrong of thee.

Farewell, and may the peace of all
 In life, most beautiful and good,
 Dew-like around thee ever fall,
 And comfort thee in solitude ;
 God grant in after years no rude
 Misfortune cause thee to deplore
 Thy Youth's love-choice, and that we should
 Now part to meet—but nevermore.

Yet shall I not to sorrow yield,
 Nor o'er misfortune idly weep—
 Like one who walks a wintry field,
 That winds, and rains, and tempests sweep ;
 Shall I my destined pathway keep,
 Thro' life, despite of ev'ry ill ;
 Until I gain beyond Death's steep,
 Love's haven hid behind the hill !



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